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The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. 31 No. 3

March 1944

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Vol. 31 MARCH 1944 No. 3

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Snow In The Orchard ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 129
Sketch Of My Life ..... Eliza R. Snow Smith 131
Relief Society In Action Today ..... President Amy Brown Lyman 137
"Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?"—Part IV ..... President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. 140
Glimpses of an Old Town ..... Katherine Palmer Macfarlane 156
Lula Greene Richards to Observe Ninety-fifth Birthday ..... Louisa Wells Luke 170
Soil Improvement in the Home Garden ..... Hazel D. Moyle 177
A Brief History of the Spring City (North Sanpete Stake) Relief Society ..... Bergetta Jensen 181
How I Help Ward Literature Leaders In Lieu of Union Meetings ..... Fae J. Nielsen 183
The Soldier and His Health Overseas ..... War Department 188

FICTION

The Pink Angel,—Third Prize Story, Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest ..... Mabel Harmer 149
The Rock and the River (Part I of Three) ..... Ezra J. Poulsen 171

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago 166
Woman's Sphere 167
Editorial: Gratitude to Our Leaders ..... Marianne C. Sharp 168
Notes To The Field: Magazine Honor Roll In May 165
Binding Material For Magazine 169

POETRY

Snow In The Orchard ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 129
Our Relief Society President ..... Marguerite Burnhope Harris 139
China Sky ..... Thelma Ireland 165
Early Spring ..... Alice Morrey Bailey 180
Forever ..... Jeanette P. Parry 187

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 31, NO. 3 MARCH 1944

SNOW IN THE ORCHARD

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Strange is this fruit which weighs the orchard bough,
Steely and white, stiletto-sharp and cold;
Pale reds and yellows leap from facets now
On branches lately hung with apple gold.
The rhythm, which all summer pulsed to fill
The living green of leaf and stem and fruit,
Is silenced; and the empty veins are still,
At rest while life renews within the root.
Soon all this crystal brittleness shall blend
Into the fragrance of warm blossoming;
And every freshened artery shall send
A richer current back to meet the spring.
Beside these rigid limbs my heart must hold
To scented boughs and arches hung with gold.

The Cover: The cover picture, "Spring Sky" (Salt Lake Valley), is from a photograph taken by T. J. Howells, M.D.

ELIZA ROXEY SNOW

Sketch Of My Life*

ELIZA R. SNOW SMITH

I WAS born in Becket, Berkshire Co., Mass. Jan. 21, 1804.

My parents were of English descent—their ancestors were among the earliest settlers of New England. My father, Oliver Snow, was a native of Massachusetts—my mother, Rosetta L. Pettibone, of Connecticut.

In my early childhood, my parents moved to that section of the State of Ohio bordering on Lake Erie on the North, and the State of Pennsylvania on the East, known as the "Connecticut Western Reserve", where they purchased land, and settled in Mantua, Portage County.

I am the second of seven children —four daughters and three sons: all of whom were strictly disciplined to habits of temperance, honesty, and industry; and our parents extended to us the best educational facilities attainable at that time, without preference to either sex.

Although a farmer by occupation, my father performed much public business—officiating in several responsible positions, and, as I was ten years the senior of my eldest brother, so soon as I was competent, he employed me as Secretary in his Office. This experience has proved of great benefit to myself and to

* The Relief Society General Board is pleased to be the first to publish "Sketch of My Life," an autobiography of Eliza R. Snow, prepared upon request of Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, American publisher and historian. This autobiography was completed in 1885. The original manuscript, written in the beautiful and legible handwriting of Eliza R. Snow, is now in the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, California. This valuable historical material is made available to Relief Society through courtesy of the Bancroft Library and LeRoi C. Snow, nephew of Eliza R. Snow. Mr. Snow first heard of this life sketch in the fall of 1943. Through his efforts, photostatic copies of the forty-nine large folio pages were obtained, together with publishing privileges. In submitting the manuscript to Relief Society, Mr. Snow included the following statement:

"During the early 80's, Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian, spent considerable time in Salt Lake City gathering material for his great library. While here, he became well acquainted with my aunt, Eliza R. Snow, who assisted him in his work. Before leaving Utah, Mr. Bancroft asked Aunt Eliza to write a biographical sketch of her life to add to his collection. This she did, finishing it in 1885. I believe it is her only autobiographical sketch. Some of the most important experiences in her life are related exclusively in this sketch.

"Because of Aunt Eliza's close association with the Relief Society of the Church, I think it very fitting that this important manuscript be published in *The Relief Society Magazine*. I learned of its existence only very recently and am loaning a photostatic copy to the Relief Society General Board for its publication."

The eventful life of Eliza R. Snow, first secretary and second general president of Relief Society, and one of the most illustrious of our early-day women leaders, is always of interest to Latter-day Saint women, but when told in her own gifted writing style it becomes fascinating. The comments and observations which accompany the recital of events by Sister Snow add charm and value to her story.

"Sketch of My Life" will be published, together with illustrations, in six installments, beginning with this issue of the *Magazine* and concluding in the August issue.

others, at different periods of my variegated life .

Whether my mother anticipated or originated the wise policy of Queen Victoria, concerning the training of girls, does not matter—at all events, my mother considered a practical knowledge of housekeeping the best, and most efficient foundation on which to build a magnificent structure of womanly accomplishments—that useful knowledge was the most reliable basis of independence. Hence her daughters were early trained to the kitchen and housekeeping in general; then to various kinds of needlework etc. Two years in succession, I drew the prize awarded by the Committee on Manufactures, at the Portage County Fair, for the best manufactured Leghorn.

My parents carefully impress on the minds of their children, that useful labor is honorable—idleness and waste of time disgraceful and sinful; and, with us, book-studies and schooling were ever present—intermingling with every other industry, not omitting music and singing: Thus we never knew what it was to be idle. I mention these items as constituting a key to my subsequent life, showing that the impressions made in childhood and youth give indelible stamp to character.

My apparently inherent fondness for reading was encouraged by my parents. I was partial to poetical works, and when very young frequently made attempts at imitation of the different styles of favorite authors. In school I often bothered my teachers by writing my dissertations in rhyme, thereby forcing from them acknowledgements of inability to correct my articles, through lack of poetical talent; and yet, my teachers were uniformly too indulgent to protest against my rhyming practice.

On one occasion, my versatility occasioned me intense mortification. I was a small girl in a "Grammatical Institution" of young gentlemen and ladies, taught by a Presbyterian clergyman. Up to this time, the Professor had uniformly read before the school, the compositions written by students; but it so happened that a change was to commence that very day, and each student must read his and her own production. Unfortunately for me, without surmising any change, I had indulged my mirthfulness in a humorous poetical article, written in a peculiar measure, which I copied from a war-song in one of the periodicals of the day—the extreme oddity of the measure rendered the article so exceeding amusing, I was well aware that it would create laughter among the students, and I should break down if I attempted to read it. I could have listened composedly had the Prof. read as I anticipated; but for me to read it before that audience! How could I? I tearfully told the Prof. I could not. But an equitable law must not be sacrificed to my timidity, and the Prof. compassionately helped me out of the dilemma by proposing to excuse me for the present, provided I would come the next morning, before the students assembled, and read it to him; to which I responded with all promptitude.

When quite young, I commenced writing for publication in various journals, which I continued for sev-

eral years, over assumed signatures[1] —wishing to be useful as a writer, and unknown as an author.

During the ever memorable contest between Greece and Turkey, I watched with deep interest, the events of the war, and after the terrible destruction, by the Turks, of Missolonghi, I wrote an article entitled "The Fall of Missolonghi." Soon after its publication, the deaths of Adams and Jefferson, almost simultaneously occurred, on the Fourth of July [1826] just at the time when, in honor of the glorious day, the nation was chanting songs of Liberty. I was requested, through the Press, to write their requiem, to which I responded, and, to my regret found myself ushered into conspicuity, and not long after, eight volumes of "Godey's Lady's Book" were awarded me for a first-prize poem published in one of the journals.

That "men are born poets" is a common adage—*I was born a patriot*—at least, a warm feeling of patriotism inspired my thoughts as evinced in many of the early productions of my pen. I can even now recollect how, with beating pulse and with fond emotion I listened when but a small child, to narratives of the Revolution. My grandfather on my mother's side, when fighting for the freedom of his country, was taken prisoner, and confined in a dreary cell, and so scantily fed, that when a fellow prisoner, incarcerated with him, died from exhaustion, he reported him sick, in order to obtain the usual amount furnished for both—keeping him wrapped in his blanket as long as he dared to remain with a dead body. This with many other incidents of Revolutionary sufferings recounted by my grandparents, so deeply impressed my mind, that, as I grew up to womanhood, I fondly cherished a pride for the Flag which so proudly waved o'er the graves of my brave and valiant ancestors.

My parents were Baptists in their religious profession—free from bigotry and intolerance, their hospitality was proverbial, and their house a welcome resort for the honorable of all denominations. As a natural result, my acquaintance became extensive.

I was early taught to respect the Bible, and in Sabbath Schools recited much of the New Testament —at times reciting seven of the long chapters in the Gospels, at a lesson. When studying those interesting narratives, my mind, many times, was filled with reflections of the deepest type, and my heart yearned for the gifts and manifestations of which those ancient Apostles testified. Sometimes I wished I had lived when Jesus Christ was on the earth, that I might have witnessed the power of God manifested through the Gospel; or that I could see, and listen to a true Prophet of God, through whom He communicated His will to the children of men. But, alas! that day and those blessings had forever gone by! So said the clergy of my own time, and the clergy *professed to know.*

Although my parents adhered to the Baptist creed, they extended to their children the right, and af-

(1) Some of Eliza R. Snow's nom-de-plumes: Narcissa, Pocohontas, Minerva, Tullia, A Mormon Girl.

forded us every opportunity we desired, to examine all creeds—to hear and judge—to "prove all things." Through being conversant with priests and people of different sects, I found them widely differing from each other; and all, more widely differing from that "form of doctrine," and practice described in the New Testament, with the writings in which, I grew more and more familiar year by year.

Feeling that religion was necessary, I sought for it; but, when I asked, like one of old, "What shall I do to be saved?" and was told that I must have a change of heart, and, to obtain it, I must feel myself to be the worst of sinners, and acknowledge the justice of God in consigning me to everlasting torment, the common sense with which God had endowed me, revolted, for I knew I had lived a virtuous and conscientious life, and no consideration could extort from me a confession so absurd. Some told me one thing and some another; but there was no Peter, "endowed from on high."

I heard Alexander Campbell[2] advocate the literal meaning of the Scriptures—listened to him with deep interest—hoped his new life led to a fulness—was baptized, and soon learned that, as well they might, he and his followers disclaimed all authority, and my baptism was of no consequence. During my brief attachment to that church I was deeply interested in the study of the ancient Prophets, in which I was assisted by the erudite A. Campbell, Walter Scott[3] whose acquaintance I made, but more particularly [by] Sidney Rigdon who was a frequent visitor at my father's house.

In the autumn of 1829 I heard of Joseph Smith as a Prophet to whom the Lord was speaking from the heavens; and that a Sacred Record containing a history of the origin of the aborigines of America, was unearthed. A Prophet of God—the voice of God revealing to man as in former dispensations, was what my soul had hungered for, but could it possibly be true—I considered it a hoax—too good to be true.

In the winter of 1830 and '31, Joseph Smith called at my father's, and as he sat warming himself, I scrutinized his face as closely as I could without attracting his attention, and decided that his was an honest face. My adopted motto, "*prove all things and hold fast that which is good*," prompted me to investigate, as incredulous as I was; and the most impressive testimonies I had ever heard were given by two of the witnesses to the Book of Mormon, at the first meeting of the believers in Joseph Smith's mission, which I attended.

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(2) Alexander Campbell (1788-1866) was cofounder with his father, Thomas Campbell, of the church or sect, Disciples of Christ. From 1813 until 1830 they remained nominally Baptists, but there were differences which caused trouble. When Alexander assumed leadership, he advocated a return to scriptural simplicity in organization and doctrine, and his followers in the denomination became known as Reformers. The sect is often referred to as Campbellite.

(3) Mr. Walter Scott, a Scotchman by birth, but at this time a resident of Pittsburgh and a dissenter from a Scandinavian church with which he had formerly been associated.—D.H.C. Vol. I, footnote p. 121.

What avail the parade and the splendor here,
To a legal heir to a heavenly sphere?
To the heirs of salvation, what is the worth,
In their perishing state, the frail things of earth?
What is death, to the good, but an entrance gate,
That is placed on the verge of a rich estate,
Where commissioned escorts are waiting by?
Bury me quietly when I die.

Like a beacon that rises o'er ocean's wave,
There's a light—there's a life beyond the grave:
The future is bright, and it becks me on
Where the noble and pure and the brave have gone,
Who have battled for truth with their mind and might,
With their garments clean and their armor bright:
They are dwelling with God, in a world on high:
Bury me quietly when I die.

Salt Lake City, Utah,
April 13, 1885.

Eliza R. Snow Smith

REPRODUCTION OF LAST FOLIO PAGE OF "SKETCH OF MY LIFE" SHOWING THE AUTHOR'S SIGNATURE AND THE DATE WHEN COMPLETED.

On the 5th of April, 1835, I was baptized by a "Mormon" Elder[4], and in the evening of that day, I realized the baptism of the Spirit as sensibly as I did that of the water in the stream. I had retired to bed, and as I was reflecting on the wonderful events transpiring around me, I felt an indescribable, tangible sensation, if I may so call it, commencing at my head and enveloping my person and passing off at my feet, producing inexpressible happiness. Immediately following, I saw a beautiful candle with an unusual long, bright blaze directly over my feet. I sought to know the interpretation, and received the following, *"The lamp of intelligence shall be lighted over your path."* I was satisfied.

In December I went to Kirtland —was happy in an association with the Saints, fully appreciating their enlarged views and rich intelligence from the fountain of Eternal Truth, through the inspiration of the Most High; and was present on the ever memorable occasion of the Dedication of the Kirtland Temple, (the building of which was commenced in June 1833, and completed in 1836) the first superstructure erected by command of God, and under His immediate direction, for many centuries. In that Temple, after its dedication, I witnessed many manifestations of the power of God.

In the spring of 1836, I taught a select school for young ladies, and boarded with the Prophet's family. At the close of the term I returned to my parental home, where friends and acquaintances flocked around me to enquire about the "strange people" with whom I was associated. I was exceedingly happy in testifying of what I had both *seen and heard*, until the 1st of Jan. 1837, when I bade a final adieu to the home of my youth, to share the fortunes of the people of God.

By solicitation, on my return I resided in the family of Joseph Smith, and taught his family school, and had ample opportunity to mark his "daily walk and conversation," as a prophet of God; and the more I became acquainted with him, the more I appreciated him as such. His lips ever flowed with instruction and kindness; and, although very forgiving, indulgent, and affectionate in his temperament, when his God-like intuition suggested that the welfare of his brethren, or the interests of the kingdom of God demanded it, no fear of censure—no love of approbation could prevent his severe and cutting rebuke.

Though his expansive mind grasped the great plan of salvation and solved the mystic problem of man's destiny—though he had in his possession keys that unlocked the past and the future with its succession of eternities, in his devotions he was humble as a little child.

Previous to the completion of the Temple, I proffered a cash donation to the "Building Committee," which they very much needed, but insisted on my acceptance of a note of hand for the amount. This, they subsequently redeemed by deeding me a valuable city lot, very favorably situated and under good cultivation

(*Continued on page 192*)

(4) "The Prophet Joseph Smith baptized my mother and two sisters, Leonora and Eliza R. Snow, into the Church."—Statement of President Lorenzo Snow.

Relief Society In Action Today

President Amy Brown Lyman

WITH the widening of horizons for women in the last one hundred years, it has been an observable fact that women in general throughout the country have been called upon to participate in practically all relief and assistance organizations set up or established for the purpose of giving help and comfort to those who are in need. The necessity of wider recourse to feminine help is now readily admitted. Not only have women been called upon to give personal service to individuals and families, but also to assist in extensive planning programs in the interest of health, child welfare, education, and other community needs, and to help in raising funds for such enterprises. And in all this work for humanity they have willingly assumed a full share of responsibility.

Women are especially well fitted by nature for welfare work. They seem naturally to be able to alleviate distress, to eliminate bitterness, and to lessen despair. In turn, such work is very satisfying to them for, as the Prophet Joseph Smith once remarked, it gives them the opportunity to exercise their humanitarian instincts.

While it is true that women are somewhat subjective in their way of feeling and more personal in their approach or way of considering problems, still they are often nearer the true situation than if they tried to solve a difficulty in a more objective way. They have a very acute sense of situations and are often, through this, able to cope successfully with very difficult problems. They have sympathy, imagination, patience, a spontaneous eagerness to help, and a warm good will, all of which are real assets and help them to find their way easily into the hearts of those who suffer.

For a full century, Relief Society women have served their Church with distinction in the field of human welfare, working in connection with and under the supervision of their bishops. And today they are devoting themselves wholeheartedly to the great Church Welfare Plan both in production and distribution. They are freely and willingly giving their service and their accumulation of knowledge and experience to this great cause. Their hearts are in the work, and they are devoted to it.

Relief Society women were among the earliest of American welfare workers and have, through the years, instituted many interesting and unique features of human helpfulness. Perhaps no other group of workers in this field has undertaken such a variety of tasks, both in early pioneer days on the plains and later in the far West. In addition to giving succor to those in distress, they have also practiced neighborly assistance one to another which has been outstanding. They have seemed to really love their neighbors as themselves.

While their educational and cultural programs from the beginning have been interesting, comprehensive, and even outstanding, Relief

Society women have always given their major effort and have devoted their best interest to human welfare work, which was the original assignment given them by the Prophet Joseph Smith. In all phases of work, however, which have been undertaken by them, they have shown courage, vision, resourcefulness, efficiency, earnestness of purpose, and great capacity for leadership.

A PICTURE of the Relief Society in action today is very interesting and enlightening. We see this great army of women attending regular meetings, special classes, and lectures. We see them sewing, quilting, and remodeling clothing, working at canning centers, preserving fruit and vegetables for themselves and others. We see them visiting monthly all the families of the Church—carrying messages of hope and good cheer, making, in addition, special visits to the sick and homebound, and giving many hours of voluntary service to the sick. We find them in homes where death has entered, comforting the bereaved.

Although the 1943 annual report has not yet been completed, and figures indicating exact accomplishments are therefore not yet available, Relief Society work for 1943 was continued along the same lines as in 1942, with increased emphasis on participation in the Church Welfare production program, particularly in sewing and canning projects, on first aid and home nursing, and volunteer service in connection with Latter-day Saint hospitals. Figures from the 1942 report will give an indication of the extent of activities and services continued during 1943. We find that 54,244 regular meetings for members were held in the wards and branches throughout the organization in addition to many special and preparation meetings. In these regular meetings each week the same courses of study were considered simultaneously. How interesting is the thought that the members everywhere were, at the same time, discussing the same subject, thinking along the same lines, and receiving the same type of development. In addition to the regular Relief Society courses of study, several thousand Relief Society women completed Red Cross courses as follows: home nursing 3,839, first aid 4,062, nutrition 1,701, all others 620, making a total of 10,222 women completing Red Cross courses. This work was continued and reemphasized throughout 1943.

The report of the extensive sewing program is very interesting. During 1942 at the monthly sewing meeting, an average of 28,705 women took part. In these meetings 7,721 worked for the Red Cross while 20,984 sewed articles for other purposes. The number of hours given to sewing altogether was 381,868: for the Red Cross 100,125, for all other purposes 281,743. Articles completed for the Red Cross numbered 38,381, for Church Welfare 19,446, for the Society 59,055. The kinds of articles finished were quilts 13,034, other bedding 4,610, children's clothing 25,323, women's clothing 10,141, men's clothing 7,908, other miscellaneous articles 55,866. Indications are that the 1943 report will show an even greater quantity of sewing accomplished, and will show that 1943 was the

greatest quilt-making year yet recorded in the history of the Society, for in addition to the usual number of quilts made, the Society undertook an assignment by the Church Welfare Committee of approximately 4000 quilts which were turned over to the bishops' storehouses. The General Board also recommended that all Societies in war risk areas provide themselves with ward first-aid supplies, including 12 quilts or blankets. It was also suggested that a check be made to learn whether all families were adequately supplied with bedding and that assistance be given where necessary. Many stake and ward Relief Societies conducted bedding projects for the benefit of families within their boundaries.

In 1942, there were 210,346 hours spent on Church Welfare projects, principally in canning and other types of food preservation—a service which was continued in 1943.

Also in 1942, 29,371 visiting teachers made 1,196,168 visits to families and 116,006 additional visits were made to the sick and homebound. There were 15,083 days given voluntarily to the care of the sick; 882 bodies were prepared for burial, and Relief Society women assisted at 4,315 funerals. The Society paid out for charitable purposes $87,882 in cash, and $5,930 in merchandise.

In January 1943, the organization had 107,282 members located in branches in all of the states of the Union, excepting New Hampshire, in Alaska, Hawaii, and the District of Columbia, and in twenty-one other countries.

Little did the original members of the organization realize, as they walked to and from their meetings in Nauvoo, how great their beloved Society would become in 100 years. Wisely has it been said that effort can be fully evaluated, not by what the hours, but what the years and the centuries say.

OUR RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENT

Marguerite Burnhope Harris

She came with quiet dignity and grace,
A stranger in our midst, but stayed not so,
For soon she found a work and came to know
A host of people, who saw in her face
True love and service for the human race.
She brought them peace, and caused their faith to grow,
While always in her eyes that radiant glow
That won for her, within their hearts, a place.

Whene'er the call to duty for her came,
She answered promptly, "Here," and faltered not,
But hastened to comply, and ever sought
To brighten and lend sunshine to life's game.
So let us follow in her footsteps dear,
And when our call comes let us answer, "Here."

"Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?"

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

IV—THE EATING OF THE PASSOVER MEAL

SO JESUS, bodily wearied[152] by the long day during which he too may have fasted, trudged alongside Joseph as they left the Temple enclosure on their way to eat the Paschal supper.

Normally, the pilgrims would enter the Temple enclosure over the Tyropoeon (Xystus) or "Royal Bridge," then go eastward, thence northward, thence westward, around the inner court on three sides, and leave by the gate at the northwest corner of the Temple enclosure. If Joseph and Jesus left this way, they would go directly back into the city and thence to their lodgings, if in the city. If they were lodging in Bethlehem, and left by the same gate, they would move southward through the Upper City or Zion, then down through the Dung or Potters Gate, into and across the Valley of Hinnom and so to their destination. If they were going to Bethany, they might (if Jewish tradition be reliable) leave the Temple by a gate on the east, the "Shushan Gate," that opened into the Valley of the Kedron, and take the road leading thence across to the Mount of Olives, and on to the home of Lazarus and the two sisters, Mary and Martha. Or if that route were not open, if the "Shushan Gate" be a tradition only, then out the northwest gate of the Temple enclosure, thence northward around the Palace Antonia, thence eastward and out the Sheep's Gate or Benjamin's Gate, and thence to the southeastward across the Valley of the Kedron and on to Bethany.[153]

Scholars believe that this was Jesus' first visit to the Passover[154] but there is nothing in the scriptural record specifically so stating, and the conclusion is apparently founded upon the fact, already alluded to, that at twelve years a boy became "a son of the law" subject to the fasts and under obligation to attend the feasts.[155]

On the other hand, we have the fact that Jesus' "parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover,"[156] and if they were so faithful in performing this commandment, one may well assume they would follow the other command of the Lord to instruct their children, at the Paschal supper, in the meaning of the ceremony,[157] and this they could not do if Jesus were

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152/ John 4:6. 153/ See Maps, sub voce "Jerusalem" in *Standard Bible Dictionary*; *New Biblical Atlas* (American Sunday School Union) 1855, p. 52; *Bible Atlas* (American Tract Society) 1862, Plate VI; Case's *Bible Atlas*, 1880, Plate IX; *The Temple*, p. 14. 154/ Edersheim I, p. 247; Andrews, p. 108; Weiss, *The Life of Christ*, I, p. 276. 155/ See n. 6, *supra*. 156/ Luke 2:41. 157/ See n. 62, *supra*.

JERUSALEM AT THE TIME OF CHRIST

Looking to the northward are two ranges of hills running north and south separated by the Tyropoeon Valley. On the east is Mt. Moriah, site of Herod's Temple. This mount was separated from the Mt. of Olives to the east by the Valley of Jehoshaphat or Kedron. On its southern end was located the City of David. The western range of hills had Mt. Zion at its southern end called the Upper City. To the northward or eastward was the Lower City. To the south and west of the western range lay the Valley of Hinnom.

not present at the Paschal feast. So, with all deference to the scholars, one may be bold to suggest that Jesus had several times before partaken of the Paschal meal in Jerusalem, and so, as he now went wearily to their lodgings, he looked eagerly forward to the eating of the satisfying supper, with its accompanying spiritual experiences. For nothing must be eaten after the offering of the evening sacrifice until the Passover meal.[158]

But here also, as at every incident in this whole celebration, one cannot escape pondering how much of the past was in Jesus' mind.

Preparation for the Meal

When they reached their lodgings, whether in the city, in Bethany, or in Bethlehem, they would prepare for the sacred ceremony of the supper. Since the lamb was to be roasted, and was not to be "raw, nor sodden at all with water," one of the first things to be done after the lamb was brought in would be to start it cooking. It was to be roasted in an oven whole—"his head with his legs, and with the purtenance thereof."[159] No part of it was to touch the oven wall in cooking, and if any part did, that was to be cut off as being unclean. The lamb was roasted on a spit of pomegranate wood, one piece thrust through the lamb lengthwise from mouth to vent, the other crosswise near the forelegs, so that the two pieces of wood made a cross. Pomegranate wood was used because it would exude no sap.[160] In all that was done to the lamb it was strictly commanded that no bone should be broken.[161]

Doubtless while the lamb was cooking, other preparations for the meal were completed. There must be unleavened bread (at least two, perhaps three, cakes); some "bitter" herbs (either lettuce, endive, succory,"charchivina,"or horehound)[162] apparently made up into a sort of salad;[163] the sauce "charoseth," must be made ("or rather a sort of wine or fruit cake composed of raisins, dates, figs &c stamped or pressed together" to resemble clay);[164] Moulton says vinegar was added, symbolizing the clay from which they made the bricks in Egypt;[165] the "Chagigah" for the 14th of Nisan must be prepared, which need not be roasted but cooked in some other way; and lastly, the wine, which must either be "the pure blood of the grape"[166] or it must be boiled, so as to destroy all fermentation (apparently the "unleavened" — unfermented — character of the bread must apply to everything eaten or drunk, during the meal). Each person participating in the feast must drink at least four cups of wine (2.5 pints), even if the purchase money therefor came from the "poor box," or from labor, or from pledging one's clothing.[167] Water might be used in place of wine, the rule being: "Their drink during the time of the feast is either fair water or *raisin wine* prepared by themselves, but no kind of leaven must be mixed."[168]

158/ Moulton in Hastings, sub voce "Passover." 159/ Ex. 12:9. 160/ Moulton, *op. cit.* 161/ *The Temple*, p. 199; Kitto, sub voce "Passover." 162/ *The Temple*, p. 204. 163/ Kitto, *op. cit.* 164/ Kitto, *op. cit.* 165/ Hastings, sub voce "Passover," par. III. 166/ Deut. 32:14. 167/ *The Temple*, p. 204; Moulton, *op. cit.* 168/ Kitto, *op. cit.*

How the Passover Meal Was Eaten

By the commandment of the Lord, the first—Egyptian—Passover was to be eaten "with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste: it is the Lord's passover.[169] But at the time of this Passover, the Passover was eaten in the manner of a Roman feast; the partakers came clad in festive garments; they ate reclining on couches arranged around the tables; and instead of haste there was a deliberate leisure to show that they were free from bondage.[170]

The First Cup of Wine

When all was in readiness for the feast, the head of the family, or the most eminent guest, sitting down with the guests, took a cup of wine and blessed it:

> Blessed art Thou, Jehovah our God, King of the Universe, who hath chosen us from among all people, and exalted us from among all languages, and sanctified us with Thy Commandments! And Thou hast given us, O Jehovah our God, in love, the solemn days for joy, and the festivals and appointed seasons for gladness; and this the day of the feast of unleavened bread, the season of our freedom, a holy convocation, the memorial of our departure from Egypt. For us hast Thou chosen; and us hast thou sanctified from among all nations, and Thy holy festivals with joy and with gladness hast Thou caused us to inherit. Blessed art Thou, O Jehovah, who sanctifiest Israel and the appointed season! Blessed art Thou, Jehovah, King of the Universe, who hath preserved us alive and sustained us and brought us to this season![171]

The one offering the blessing then drank his cup of wine, and each guest present did likewise.

The Washing of Hands

Immediately following this, another blessing was offered for the washing of the hands, not by pouring the water on the hands, but by dipping the hands in the water.

Some believe that it was at this point in the Last Supper, that Jesus washed the feet of the Apostles.[172]

The Blessing on the Food and Tasting the Bitter Herbs

The Passover table was now brought in, on which were the bitter herbs, the unleavened bread, and the "charoseth," also the body of the Paschal lamb and the "Chagigah" for the 14th Nisan.[173] The master of the family then blessed God that He had created the fruits of the earth, took some bitter herbs, dipped them in salt water, ate some himself, and then gave some to the others at the table to eat, none "eating less than the size of an olive."[174]

The Discourse to the Children And the Second Cup of Wine

Then the table was removed from *before him only*, who was to give answer to the question of the child as to the meaning of all this. (Edersheim suggests this was done to arouse the child's curiosity.)[175] Then the second cup of wine was poured.

The Lord's commandment to Israel in Egypt was:

> And it shall come to pass, when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service?

169/ Ex. 12:11. 170/ *The Temple*, p. 201. 171/ *The Temple*, p. 205. 172/ *The Temple*, *op. cit.* 173/ Lees in Kitto, sub voce "Passover." 174/ Lees, *op. cit.* 175/ *The Temple*, p. 206.

That ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of the Lord's passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when he smote the Egyptians, and delivered our houses.[176]

Accordingly, when the second cup was filled, the son, either of his own volition or from prompting, would say:

Why is this night distinguished from all other nights? For on all other nights we eat leavened or unleavened bread, but on this night only unleavened bread. On all other nights we eat any kind of herbs, but on this night only bitter herbs. On all other nights we eat meat roasted, stewed, or boiled, but on this night only roasted. On all other nights we dip (the herbs) only once, but on this night twice.[177]

Then the father instructs the child in the history of the deliverance from Egypt, including, it would seem, the whole story from Terah, Abraham, and on down, the explanation being pitched to suit the intelligence of the child.

The Preliminaries to the Eating of the Paschal Lamb

The table with the lamb was now placed back in front of the one presiding, who would say:

This passover which we eat is in respect that the Lord passed over the houses of our fathers in Egypt.

Holding up the bitter herbs, he would say:

These bitter herbs that we eat are in respect that the Egyptians made the lives of our fathers bitter in Egypt.

Holding the unleavened bread in his hands, he would declare:

This unleavened bread which we eat is in respect that the dough of our fathers had not time to be leavened, when the Lord appeared unto them and redeemed them out of the hand of the enemy; and they baked unleavened cakes out of the dough which they brought out of Egypt.

He then said:

Therefore we are bound to confess, to praise, to laud, to glorify, to honor, to extol, to magnify, and to ascribe victory to Him who did unto our fathers and unto us all these signs, and who brought us forth from servitude to freedom, from sorrow to joy, from darkness to marvelous light and we say before him,[178]—

Then the first part of the "Hallel" was sung:

The Singing of the "Hallel"

PSALM 113.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.

The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens.

Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high.

Who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth!

He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill;

That he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people.

He maketh the barren woman to keep house, and to be a joyful mother of children. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 114.

When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language;

Judah was his sanctuary, and Israel his dominion.

176/ Ex. 12:26-27. 177/ *The Temple*, p. 396; Lees, op. cit. 178/ Lees, op. cit.

The sea saw it, and fled: Jordan was driven back.

The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs.

What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?

Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams; and ye little hills, like lambs?

Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob;

Which turned the rock into a standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters.

They then all repeated this short prayer:

Blessed art Thou, Jehovah our God, King of the Universe, who hath redeemed us and redeemed our fathers from Egypt.[179]

The Second Cup of Wine

The second cup of wine was now drunk.

The Second Washing of the Hands

Then with the same blessing offered before the first washing of hands,[180] the hands were washed for the second time.

The Eating of the Meal

This ceremony finished, the eating of the real meal began.

One of the two unleavened cakes was then taken by the one presiding and broken, he using both hands, as he pronounced the blessing:

Blessed be Thou, O Lord our God, the King of the Universe, who bringest forth food out of the earth.[181]

A piece of this bread was then handed to each of those who surrounded the table by the one presiding, saying:

This is the bread of affliction which our fathers did eat in the land of Egypt.

All then ate unleavened bread each one so wishing, dipping his bread in the "charoseth."

It is believed that it was at this point in the Last Supper that Jesus identified his betrayer by handing him a bit of unleavened bread dipped in the "charoseth"—the sop.[182]

The one presiding then blessed God and ate of the "Chagigah" (when brought); he again blessed God, and then ate of the lamb.

The company then began eating, leisurely, at the same time discoursing on religious subjects, until they were satisfied. When they had finished, they ate another piece of the Paschal lamb, even if no more than "the size of an olive," for the taste of this was to remain in their mouths.

The Third Cup of Wine

After this, the third cup of wine was filled and blessed in the usual manner, and then drunk, each one of the company repeating after the one presiding, the words which he uttered. This is considered to be the "cup of blessing."[183]

Some scholars affirm[184] that it was at this point in the feast that the Savior, using the ceremony over the third cup, introduced the wine of the sacrament at the Last Supper.[185]

While scholars seem not in accord on the details of the concluding ceremonies after the third cup was drunk, Lees gives them as follows:[186]

Following the drinking of the third cup, a blessing was pronounced, thanking the Lord for the food they

179/ *The Temple*, p. 207. 180/ See n. 172 *supra*. 181/ See Ps. 104:14. 182/ John 13:26. 183/ I Cor. 10:16 ff. 184/ *The Temple*, p. 209; Lees, *op. cit.* 185/ Matt. 26:27. 186/ Lees, *op. cit.*

had eaten, for the deliverance of their fathers from the Egyptian bondage, for the covenant of circumcision, and for the laws given by Moses.

The Fourth Cup of Wine

Then the fourth cup was filled while this praise was sung:

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.[187]

Then the wine was blessed with the usual blessing[188] and drunk.

Singing of the "Hallel"

This ceremony was accomplished by the singing of the remainder of the "Hallel":

PSALM 115.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.

Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?

But our God is in the heavens: he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.

Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not:

They have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not:

They have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat.

They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them.

O Israel, trust thou in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

O house of Aaron, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

The Lord hath been mindful of us: he will bless us; he will bless the house of Israel; he will bless the house of Aaron.

He will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great.

The Lord shall increase you more and more, you and your children.

Ye are blessed of the Lord which made heaven and earth.

The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's: but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence.

But we will bless the Lord from this time forth and for evermore. Praise the Lord.

PSALM 116.

I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted:

I said in my haste, All men are liars.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

187/ Ps. 145:10. 188/ See n. 171, *supra*.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people,

In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 117.

O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people.

For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 118.

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: because his mercy endureth for ever.

Let Israel now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the house of Aaron now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

Let them now that fear the Lord say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

I called upon the Lord in distress: the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place.

The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

The Lord taketh my part with them that help me: therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.

All nations compassed me about: but in the name of the Lord will I destroy them.

They compassed me about; yea, they compassed me about: but in the name of the Lord I will destroy them.

They compassed me about like bees; they are quenched as the fire of thorns: for in the name of the Lord I will destroy them.

Thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall: but the Lord helped me.

The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous: the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

The right hand of the Lord is exalted: the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.

The Lord hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord:

This gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter.

I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.

This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord: we have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

God is the Lord, which hath shewed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.

Thou art my God, and I will praise thee: thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

The Fifth Cup of Wine

Normally, nothing but water should be drunk after the fourth cup, but sometimes a fifth cup was added in which case the "Great Hallel" was repeated:

PSALM 136.

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of gods: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks to the Lord of lords: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that by wisdom made the heavens: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that stretched out the earth

above the waters: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that made great lights: for his mercy endureth for ever:

The sun to rule by day: for his mercy endureth for ever:

The moon and stars to rule by night: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that smote Egypt in their firstborn: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And brought out Israel from among them: for his mercy endureth for ever:

With a strong hand, and with a stretched out arm: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him which divided the Red sea into parts: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And made Israel to pass through the midst of it: for his mercy endureth for ever:

But overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red sea: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him which led his people through the wilderness: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him which smote great kings: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And slew famous kings: for his mercy endureth for ever:

Sihon king of the Amorites: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And Og the king of Bashan: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And gave their land for an heritage: for his mercy endureth for ever:

Even an heritage unto Israel his servant: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who remembered us in our low estate: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And hath redeemed us from our enemies: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who giveth food to all flesh: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth for ever.

The Benedictions to the Ceremony

In the normal case—when the supper ended with the fourth cup—the whole ceremony ended with the so-called "blessing of the song," made up of two brief prayers:

All thy works shall praise Thee, Jehovah Our God. And Thy saints, the righteous, who do thy good pleasure, and all Thy people, the house of Israel, with joyous song let them praise, and bless, and magnify, and glorify, and exalt, and reverence, and sanctify, and ascribe the Kingdom to Thy name, oh, our King! For it is good to praise Thee, and pleasure to sing praises unto Thy name, for from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.

The breath of all that lives shall praise Thy name, Jehovah our God. And the spirit of all flesh shall continually glorify and exalt Thy memorial, our King! For from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God; and besides Thee we have no King, Redeemer, or Savior.[189]

These were the benedictions of the ceremony, which must be concluded not later than midnight.[190]

Thus ended the Passover meal. Whatever of the lamb had not been eaten must be burned before the next morning.[191]

The foregoing seems to be the order of the celebration of the Passover at the time Jesus attended the ceremonies when twelve years of age.

For the youth Jesus this had been a long and arduous day. He must have been greatly awearied, as also Joseph who had done so much and so many things during the many busy hours that had passed since, in the morning, he and Jesus had left their lodgings for the Temple and its ceremonies. Jesus must now have gone hastily to his couch and to rest.[192]

(To be concluded)

189/ *The Temple*, p. 210. 190/ Moulton, *op. cit.* 191/ Ex. 12:10. 192/ That he became awearied on occasion, see John 4:6.

The Pink Angel

Mabel Harmer

Third Prize, Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

AS NAN walked along the busy street, crowded with Christmas shoppers, a slight feeling of guilt edged the exhilaration of her spirits. Nobody really had any right to be so outrageously happy in this troubled world. But, on the other hand, how could she help being so utterly gay in this or any other kind of a world? She was the new Mrs. Roger Maitland, she knew that she looked very smart in her three-piece tweed outfit and, for the first time in her life, she was doing Christmas shopping for her own family.

She had bought her main gifts long ago before the Christmas rush had started—a stunning desk set for Roger, and a string of really nice pearls for Merrilyn. Now she wanted some "stocking" presents and some more things for the tree. She did hope that Merrilyn wouldn't think it silly to hang up stockings. So far, she hadn't learned in the least how to approach this fourteen-year-old stepdaughter. Roger, she was sure, would understand that, even at twenty-nine, when one has never really had Christmas, one must—but then, what had age to do with Christmas, anyway?

She turned into Brown's and pushed her way through to the counter, wondering how many of the pretty baubles she could reasonably buy. And then she forgot all the rest as her eyes caught sight of a beautiful pink and tinsel angel for the top of the tree. It was the answer to one of the most fervent of her childhood dreams, and when the clerk had packed it and handed her the box, she held on to it almost reverently. Twelve o'clock already, she thought, with a quick glance at her watch. She would have to hurry because Roger didn't know that she was calling for him for lunch.

MABEL HARMER

It was still exciting, after three months, to walk into the office and hear the office girl say, "Good morning, Mrs. Maitland. Mr. Maitland is busy for a few minutes. Shall I tell him that you are here?"

"No, don't bother," Nan smiled. "I'll just unload and wait."

She sat down in one of the big easy chairs and threw back her coat. She didn't mind waiting for Roger. She had waited for Roger for twenty-nine years, only of course she hadn't

known it until he had walked into Mrs. Warner's boarding house last fall. There had been quite an air of excitement about the place when Mrs. Warner had announced that "a big lawyer from Rockport is coming up to do something about that Norton land trial, and is going to stay here on account of the hotel burning down last summer."

She couldn't know, of course, that he would be a widower in the interesting middle thirties, nor in her wildest dreams could she have imagined that on the second night after his arrival he would stop her after dinner and say, "It's a beautiful evening, Miss Adams. Would you mind walking out with me for a few minutes and showing me the town?"

Would she mind! Would she mind walking on soft clouds with mystical perfume drifting about, only of course, it was really the pungent odors of late September!

Later, when she had said goodnight and she had gone up to her room, she hugged her pillow and said, "Thanks, God, for one perfect evening. It makes up for everything —almost."

But it didn't make up. Having seen a glimpse of Heaven she knew that she would never again be contented with the humdrum existence in Eagle Grove, and each night after they had chatted in the parlor or walked about in the countryside, she tried to steel herself to face the time when he would be gone and the brightest experience of her life ended.

She had known that it was his last night and still it came as a shock when he said at the dinner table, "Well, I finished my work here today, so I'm afraid that I shan't be seeing you good folk any more."

There had been polite murmurs of regret from all but Nan who felt too numb to say anything. Afterward he had said, "You promised to show me the old mill, remember? Is it too far to walk out there tonight?"

It was not half far enough, but Nan didn't say so, and when they stood on the bridge at the mill stream with the harvest moon shining down on them, and Roger had put one arm around her and whispered, "Little Nan, lovely little Nan, will you come home with me?" she had buried her face in his shoulder and cried softly, "Oh, yes, Roger. Tomorrow, if you like."

And tomorrow it was. They were married in Mrs. Warner's parlor, much to the delight of that lady and her other boarders.

"I really should have prepared you for Merrilyn before I asked you to marry me," Roger had laughed a bit ruefully on the train as they were going home. "Since her mother died there has been a succession of housekeepers and Merrilyn has always had the upper hand. I hope you know how to manage that kind."

"She sounds fun," said Nan glowing. "Imagine having a daughter all ready made."

They arrived unannounced and so, of course, they couldn't have expected Merrilyn to be on hand, and Nan waited in high expectancy until just before dinner when she blew in and cried noisily from the hallway, "Oh, hello, Dad. I'm glad you're back. You won't mind if I go roller skating tonight, will you?"

"Well, I'd rather you wouldn't tonight," Roger had answered smiling. "You see, I have a wonderful sur-

prise for you. Come in, dear," and as she entered the living room and her eyes lighted on Nan, he said, "This lovely lady is Nan, dear, your new mother."

"Oh," said Merrilyn, stopping short.

Nan went forward with outstretched arms, saying, "We've given you an awful shock, haven't we, Merrilyn, but I'm sure that you and I are going to have a grand time together?"

She had intended to put her arms around the girl, but Merrilyn quickly forestalled that by offering her hand, which Nan took warmly, trying not to show that she had felt the rebuff.

Dinner turned out to be a strained affair with Nan trying her best to draw Merrilyn out and the girl answering in the shortest possible sentences. As soon as the meal was ended, she said, "Well, I'll be going. See you later," and made her getaway with obvious relief.

"Little scamp," laughed Roger. "She's needed you for a long time. Almost as long as I have," he finished, taking Nan in his arms.

AND now it was Christmas, and Nan did so want everything to be lovely. She had never known a truly beautiful Christmas. The aunts, who had reared her, had tried after a fashion, but the gifts had always been so practical—stockings, mittens, and handkerchiefs, and there had never been a tree. She felt that she would gladly have given up galoshes or woolen underwear for a glittering tree. She would have given up more than that for a beguiling pink angel to hang on the top, such as the one that reposed in her lap right now.

The door opened and Roger ushered his client out, his face lighting up when he saw Nan. As he closed the office door behind them he said, "Now I'm sure that it's really Christmas. Is there by any chance a sprig of mistletoe in your hair?"

"Always," Nan smiled, lifting her face for his kiss and then, with both hands on his shoulders, she asked, "Couldn't you go shopping with me? It's such fun, with Christmas everywhere."

"I've always thought it was a bore," he grinned, "but maybe I've never gone at it the right way. Sure you don't want me merely to carry your parcels?" he teased.

"That's the main idea," she laughed, "but I do sort of like your company." They lunched and then went shopping. There were the various family gifts and then the real fun of the day, the search for little special gifts for Merrilyn.

"You'll spoil her to death," said Roger when Nan had picked out an evening bag, a set of cologne bottles that formed the towers of a castle, and three gay "sloppy Joe" sweaters.

"No, she won't let me," said Nan, thinking of all the times she had tried to do things for Merrilyn and been repulsed, and then, lest he should detect a note of bitterness, she added jokingly, "Anyway, you've already taken care of that."

Later on that evening when they were unwrapping some of the parcels, Merrilyn happened on to the box containing the pink angel, and, holding it up, said with a laugh, "What a funny, old-fashioned thing! What in the world is it for?"

"For the top of the tree," replied

Nan, trying to smile as if she, too, found it amusing. "I suppose it is twenty years behind the times. I always wanted one when I was a little girl, so I couldn't resist buying this one today. We needn't use it, of course, if you'd rather not."

"We have a silver star, with a light in it, for the top of the tree," Merrilyn answered. "You'll find it with the other stuff."

"Thanks. I'll look for it tomorrow," Nan answered, lowering her eyes to the business in hand.

She made huge, red calico stockings with their names embroidered on white bands, and hung them on the mantelpiece. She put holly wreaths in the windows and trimmed the tree until it glittered like something out of *Arabian Nights*. On the top of the tree, she placed the gorgeous silver star.

Merrilyn looked on all preparations with total indifference and, much to Nan's disappointment, didn't even stay home on the night they trimmed the tree. If only she could find some way to break through the girl's reserve, Nan thought a dozen times a day. She was so like her father in appearance —the same shining dark hair, gray eyes, and high forehead. Only the expression in their eyes was different when they looked at her. So different that at times, under Merrilyn's gaze, she felt like an interloper.

Up until three days before Christmas, Nan had thought that while Merrilyn had not entered into her preparations, she would surely succumb eventually to the spirit of festivity that pervaded the house, so that it was with a distinct shock that she heard the girl announce, with an air that smacked of defiance, "I've just had a letter from Shauna Selfridge, an old friend of Daddy's, inviting me to spend Christmas with her. I'm going to call Dad right away and ask if I may go."

She pranced to the telephone and the minute she had him on the line, cried, "Oh, Daddy, the most marvelous thing has happened! Shauna has asked me to spend Christmas with her. May I go?"

At his answer, her face clouded and she began coaxing, "But Dad, she has tickets for a classy show tonight and a lot of ducky things planned. You promised that I could go and see her sometime." Then after a pause, she added, "No, she won't care. I'm just sure that she won't."

For the moment Nan's pride got the better of her judgment and, taking the phone from Merrilyn's hand, she said, "Let her go, Roger, if that's what she really wants most."

"Nonsense," he answered shortly. "After all the work you've gone to in order to give her a nice Christmas, it's ridiculous. She can go some other time."

"She needn't stay home just to make me happy," argued Nan. "She can take most of her gifts along."

"All right then," said Roger grudgingly, after a pause, "but I still think it's absurd."

"He says you can go," said Nan in a tight voice, as she turned away from the phone. It was the greatest defeat she had yet suffered. To think that Merrilyn would prefer the company of another woman to herself at Christmas time! She felt as if her battle was definitely lost.

Merrilyn danced about in high glee getting ready to go. "Shauna

has one of those swanky, modernistic apartments," she chattered with a new volubility. "I was in it just once but it would sure knock you dizzy. The living room has white and gold furniture and a blue carpet. It's the ritziest place I was ever in."

Pausing near the end of her packing, she ran to the telephone and then, turning back, said with a scowl, "The trains run a beastly schedule and the agent says they're so crowded with holiday traffic that he can't vouch for a thing. I do hope that I can get there in time for the play tonight."

"How far is it?" asked Nan thoughtfully. "Perhaps I can drive you over. We have a few extra gallons of gas that we've been saving for some emergency and maybe this is it."

"Oh, would you really?" cried Merrilyn. "It's only about thirty miles. You could easily get there and back by dinner time if we started right now."

"All right then, we'll go." She piled the Christmas packages in the rear seat, put on a warm coat, and they started out.

THE road was entirely new to Nan, and halfway to Hastings, Merrilyn suggested, "There's a short cut through these hills that takes off about ten miles. That's the way Daddy and I used to go."

"Very well, then, that's the way we'll go now," Nan answered cheerfully.

Five miles through the low canyon they came to another fork in the road, and here Merrilyn was clearly puzzled. Finally, pointing to the right-hand road she said, not too convincingly, "It's that way—I'm almost sure. And it isn't much further now."

There were few signs of travel either way and Nan wished that she had been more sure, but she couldn't do less than accept the girl's choice, so they took the right-hand road. After three miles it came to an abrupt stop at a summer home, now quite deserted, with its windows boarded securely against intruders and winter storms.

"Well, we seem to have taken the wrong road," said Nan with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," Merrilyn answered. "I was quite sure it was this way."

"It doesn't matter. It's only three miles back to the road. We'll be there in a few minutes."

Only three miles, but those miles stretched terrifyingly long when, as she tried to turn the car, the wheels sank into a snow bank and she found it impossible to get the car on the road again.

"But there are tracks in the road. I can't understand that," said Nan as she sank back wearied and discouraged into the car seat.

"I can," Merrilyn answered slowly. "Winter sports. People were probably up over the week end for some skiing."

"And won't be back until next week end, I suppose."

The clouds, which had been gathering all afternoon, were much darker now. It was only three o'clock, so there must be a storm on the way. Nan tried once more with all her might to start the car, but the wheels only spun around and sank deeper than ever into the snow.

She finally broke the painful silence by saying, "Well, there's no

other way out of it, I'll just have to walk back to the road for help. You stay in the car and wrap the robe around you."

"Let me go, too," said Merrilyn quickly, "I'd much rather than stay here alone."

"No, Honey, I wouldn't think of it. I'm a good hiker. I can reach the other road in an hour and I'll nab the first car that's going through. Keep warm and don't leave the car."

"Nan, I'm awfully sorry," said Merrilyn, her cheeks flushing with color and her eyes apologetic. "It was horrid of me to get you into this mess."

"It wasn't your fault, my dear, think nothing of it," returned Nan lightly, but her heart was profoundly stirred. It was the first time in three months that they had seemed really close.

For the first ten minutes, Nan swung along at a good pace and with her spirits still fairly high. Then, as light flakes began to fall and she started to tire, her spirits drooped. What had possessed her anyway, to almost insist that Merrilyn go, against Roger's wishes? It was nothing but pride, a foolish, hurt pride that Merrilyn should prefer Shauna's company to hers.

The flakes thickened in intensity and the snow rapidly became deeper. Now, at times, she lost the road completely and the soft snow came above her galoshes wetting her thin hose.

"I could so easily lose my way entirely," she thought in sudden panic, "and then what would become of both of us?"

In a short time, the snow became so deep that she could no longer distinguish the road at all, and she floundered almost hopelessly, making so little progress that she became almost desperate with the thought that night would find her still on the road.

Her legs and feet were so numb now that she could hardly push them ahead, and once, when she fell down in the snow, she lay there for minutes wishing that she might stay for a long time and rest her weary limbs. That was dangerous thinking, she well knew, and, with a tremendous effort, she roused herself and moved on again.

Once she looked at her wrist watch, brushing the heavy snow away from the crystal. Five o'clock —two hours on the way. Soon, it would be really dark. She had been merely creeping along or else she was off the road altogether. She struggled on almost in a lethargy, so tired and chilled that it mattered less and less every minute whether or not she reached the highway. If not, she could sink down and rest in that soft snow.

She was startled out of that idea by the sound of a car, and with renewed energy she ran forward, calling with all her might. The sound passed and this time, in her disappointment, she did sink down into the snow. But she stayed there only a few minutes. The thought that she had at last reached the road spurred her on to a last effort and, dragging herself forward, she stood on what she thought must be the edge of the road.

She beat her hands together in dull anxiety. She began imagining that she heard other cars coming, but they never did. It was only a trick of her tired brain. When, finally, another car did pass, she

made no effort to stop it and it had whisked by before she knew that this time it was a reality.

It was strange how little she cared that the chance for rescue had passed. She was too weary and cold to care for anything. This was probably the last chance on this little-traveled road, and now she could really sink down and rest. There was no need of struggling any more. She was down on her knees when the car backed up and a voice said, "By George, I was right. It is a woman," and strong arms were lifting her into the car.

With a mighty effort she roused herself and said, "My little girl is up on that road. Please go get her." Then she lapsed into rest.

* * * *

SHE wondered vaguely why she was in bed, and why Roger was sitting there dressed; but she was too tired to think, and it was too much of an effort to hold her eyes open. Later on, it was easier to open her eyes, and this time the doctor was sitting in the chair and Roger was standing by the foot of the bed looking very serious until the doctor said, "That's the girl. She's the fighting kind. She's going to be all right now. Perfectly all right." She smiled at Roger and he smiled back at her, and she closed her eyes again.

Yes, she remembered now. She and Merrilyn were out in the snow. Merrilyn wasn't here now. She wondered if they had found her. Without opening her eyes again she asked, "Merrilyn? Did you find her?"

Roger was bending over her now and reaching for her hand as he said, "She's all right, my brave sweetheart. It's just you that has to get well now."

She smiled back at him. One felt so sure and safe holding on to Roger's hand.

The next morning, she felt entirely awake and started to get up, but after the first try, was content to lie back on the soft pillows. When Roger came in and said, "Merry Christmas, Darling," she almost beamed at him.

Merrilyn was right behind him and cried, "You really are better, aren't you? May we bring our presents in here?"

"Of course," she answered smiling. "I'd love it. I'm fit as a fiddle. Bring in everything."

"Everything," echoed Merrilyn. "Why of course we will. We'll have Christmas right in here. Can't we bring in the tree, Daddy? There's plenty of room."

"I think so," answered Roger somewhat doubtfully. "Although we may have to take off some of the trimmings."

"That's no trouble," she said, starting off. "Let's get at it right away."

"No trouble" was a slight exaggeration, for it required considerable pushing and pulling on the part of both of them before the rather large tree was brought through the door and set up in a corner of the bedroom.

"It won't take me long to tie this stuff back on again," said Merrilyn, hopping about, and when the last shining ornament had been replaced, she came over to Nan's bed and said shyly, "You had a pink angel. I'd like to put it on."

(*Continued on page* 176)

Glimpses of an Old Town

Katherine Palmer Macfarlane

THEY came mostly from England and Scotland and Wales, in answer to a call from Church authority for converts who knew the business of making iron, who could undertake a task that might bring to realization the dream of Brigham Young of founding a great industry within the boundaries of Deseret.

After weary months of travel by slow ship and ox team, they reached a land far south of Salt Lake City, and looked about with mixed feelings at the setting of their future homes. They rejoiced to come to rest at last in Zion; to know, too, that out beyond the gap in the western hills were the mountains of solid iron that had drawn them from afar.

But what a country! Around them lay tumbled mountain ranges and empty, sage-gray, hill-broken valleys—a vast panorama of strange shapes and shifting desert colors—a land so silent and primeval that the only sounds were the sighing of the wind in the cedars and cottonwoods among which they were encamped, and the lonely howl of coyotes in the night.

The newcomers were joined by other companies, and while some of the colony planted crops and built a fort, others laid out the site of the ironworks on the creek bank where the northeast corner of Cedar City now stands.

Then began a story which though now little known, was an epic of pioneer toil and initiative and courage.

The first task was to build a road up a wild, precipitous canyon to the coal that would be needed for running furnaces; another to the beds of iron ore miles away. After that, the ore had to be hauled laboriously by ox team and broken up by hand for the furnace. The coal proving unsuitable for making coke, it had to be supplemented by mountainous supplies of wood, brought in at great cost of labor and equipment. Every man who ventured any distance from the fort, stood in danger of attack from Indians.

After months of labor, the homemade furnace was finished. Then the laborers asked each other, "Will it work?" The evening the crucial test was to be made was an anxious one for the colony, and every man, woman, and child traveled the two miles from the fort to the furnace to watch. The hours passed and they drew closer together, their eyes fixed on the furnace and their faces strained with the conflict of mingled hope and fear. Then just at daylight, the miracle—a stream of molten iron burst from the furnace!

The watchers clasped each other with joy. In a religious ecstasy they shouted, "Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, to God and the Lamb!" And when they turned back to the fort it was with hearts filled with thanksgiving, for now they could stay to build a fine community and, more important, bring to realization the dream of their beloved leader.

But they had reckoned without the wilderness. Each year as soon as winter came, the creek that was

their only source of water power froze over; roads and canyons became blocked with snow. Afterwards, drouths came to reduce the creek to an impotent stream, and twice, following cloudbursts in the mountains, torrential floods swept down the canyon, destroying roads, carrying away equipment and the precious coke it had taken months to accumulate, and burying the site of the works under tons of rock and debris.

But the little group would not give up. In them was the same blood and the same intrepid spirit that twenty-five years later was to take a company from Southern Utah down the dizzy defile of "Hole-in-the-Rock" and on over perilous ways to settle San Juan County. When there were not enough tools, the men stripped tires from wagon wheels to make more; and when there was neither tar nor axle grease, the women gathered their scanty stores of fat, and even the precious bits of butter from their tables, and gave them to be used for greasing the machinery.

The enterprise grew until several coke ovens were running, and iron, in increasing quantities, was manufactured. Many parts of machinery were made, and such objects as grates, horseshoes, nails, flatirons, and andirons. A bell was cast that rang the people of Cedar City to church for many years, and now reposes, the most interesting and possibly the only known object to survive that pioneer industry, in the public library of Cedar City.

As the business grew over the years, the handicaps increased in proportion. At last, the little colony could no longer cope with them. The same years had been bringing iron into the Territory so that the need for the local manufacture of it was less vital. In 1857, the ironworks in Cedar City were closed down.

It was disheartening to the people who had put so much toil and sacrifice into it, to see the enterprise come to an end. But they had made a valiant effort, and in spite of failure, had written one of the most unique and heroic chapters in the history of Utah.

TO add to their other trials and worries, the first settlers of Cedar City early began to suffer from want of food. After the supplies they had brought with them were gone, they had to rely for food on their fields, and, during successive years, drouth and crickets came to destroy the crops. In 1855, only twenty bushels of wheat were raised in the whole of Iron County. The following spring, the people went into the hills and dug sego roots to eke out their scanty fare.

Before me, I have a copy of a journal kept by John Urie, an early settler, in which he says of that period of want:

> My experience in this place for the following 8 years (from 1853) was extraordinary hard, often without food for three and four days at a time, at one time four months without bread of any kind, living on roots and weeds of different kinds. This was in consequence of grasshoppers, bad harvests, etc.

It can truly be said that for a number of years, until orchards could be grown and flocks and herds increased enough to provide meat, hunger in varying degrees was the constant

companion of the pioneers of Cedar City and Iron County.

Yet it is surprising to discover, from the records of that day, that during those years of privation, a lively community life was going on in Cedar City. There were Church activities, school, dances, theatricals, and many social gatherings. A choir and a band were organized. A number of local industries were established.

In one of the hardest years, there was formed an organization called "The Mechanic's Institute." This group not only studied the science of mechanics, but it succeeded in manufacturing gas with which the one-roomed meeting house was lighted for one winter. (In all likelihood, this was the first gas manufactured west of the Mississippi.)

How was it that such a community life could flourish under the disintegrating effects of hunger, poverty, isolation, and the inconveniences imposed by that hard country? The answer lay both in the character of the people and in a religious faith that bound them into a brotherhood, gave purpose to their efforts, and lifted them in spirit above much that was harsh in their lives. Without such a faith, that community life would surely have fallen apart.

THE experience of my own parents in making a home in early Cedar City is worth relating here, for the same spirit and effort with which they adapted to a new life was experienced by many of their neighbors.

When mother came from Wales, she was a bride of twenty-one, a doll-like bit of a person who looked little equal to the rigors of pioneer life. But mother, like father, possessed a stout heart and an unshakable faith, and she took to pioneering like a duck to water. By the time she had had her first two children, she could run a mold of tallow candles, make lye from cottonwood ashes, cure meat, and cut out a man's suit from a length of homespun. She had become the mistress of a dozen crafts and could do well the many tasks that a pioneer household exacted.

Father and mother lived for the first year of their married life in the old log cabin that now stands in the public park in Cedar City, an interesting relic of pioneer days. But their own house was being built, and it was a proud day when they walked down the steps of their dugout and took possession.

They worked very hard to make the dugout habitable, and after awhile it was habitable in a simple pioneer way. No passing stranger could have guessed what cleanliness and coziness and cheer were there. Beneath that dirt roof were plastered and whitewashed walls and clean-scrubbed floors; in two corners of the one big room were beds covered with pretty patchwork quilts; the fireplace was at the other end, with andirons of father's own making, and a hearth that was "whitestoned" every day with gypsum brought from the hills. On the mantel were pieces of pewter and brass that had come from the old country and were kept brightly polished by much rubbing; the long, narrow windows had white valances. Beyond the latched door was a porch with a pantry on one side and on the other, a little, old-fashioned stove that cooked many a pot of soup and many a Welsh grid-

dle cake for the guests who came in ever-increasing numbers to eat at father's and mother's hospitable board.

By the time I came along, the dugout was used as an apple cellar and catch-all for family junk. We children cared nothing when it was pulled down and the ground leveled. But father and mother cared, and they always declared that the happiest years of their lives were those spent in the dugout.

This story of a home sounds, and really was, in father's and mother's case, rather idyllic. But the life of those pioneers was hard in many ways. The women particularly must have found it hard.

The pioneer wife and mother had to bear her children in the midst of family cares. Her house, even though simple, was inconvenient and hard to keep clean, and there were no labor-saving devices. No matter how weary she might be, she could not send out to buy a loaf of bread nor a can of meat or vegetables, but every bite the family ate had to be prepared by her hands. Nearly all the clothes the family wore she had to make, as well as her rugs, quilts, and carpets. The pioneer woman had to be both capable and hard working to maintain a decent family life.

Yet among the older women in Cedar City—the pioneer stock—I remember very many who were skillful housekeepers, whose homes were homes of cleanliness and order. Besides doing their own work, those women often helped to care for the sick and the needy of the community, and saw to it that their own families took part in church and public life. By their efficiency they helped greatly to keep up community standards.

THE settlers of pioneer Cedar City had to live in a backwoods way for the first years, but they themselves were not backwoods people.

Some were gathered from the poor and the lowly, but more came from the comfortable middle classes of Great Britain and America, and had had all the advantages of those classes. The first school teacher in Cedar City was a graduate of the University of Edinburgh. There were not many who possessed such scholarship, it is true, but most of the people had had the common school education of their day, and scarcely one was entirely illiterate.

It was natural that those immigrants, coming to their new homes from the old across the seas, should bring with them bits of family treasure, and as good clothes as they had or could afford to buy. And so it happened that many a chest brought into our pioneer settlement by ox team held broadcloth suits and dresses of silk and other good materials; Paisley shawls and satin bonnets; lengths of linen; embroidery and gold ornaments; books and pieces of china. My grandfather brought with him two velvet hunting suits with kneebreeches, and long hose and buckled shoes. In that wilderness of sagebrush and jackrabbits, there was no such thing as riding to hounds, and the velvet suits were put to more practical use when they were cut up to make clothes for the children.

In an old wooden box in mother's upstairs, there used to be a white horsehair bonnet, very fine and dainty, with a wreath of tiny white flow-

MEMBERS OF CEDAR CITY'S FIRST ORGANIZED CHOIR

Back row, left to right: Annie Wood, Eliza Hunter, Margaret Heyborne, Mary Corlett, Tillie Macfarlane, Lizzie Corry, and Ellen Lunt.

Front row, left to right: Alice Bulloch, Sarah Chatterley, William Unthank, Daniel Macfarlane, John Macfarlane, John Chatterley, Joseph Smith, and John Lee Jones.

ers around the crown, that had been part of mother's wedding trousseau when she came to Cedar City as father's bride. There was also a wine-colored merino dress with white linen collar and cuffs, and a pair of kid shoes. I have often thought that it must have been a surprising sight, and a rather charming one, to see father and mother climb the steps of their dugout and set off to church, she in her wedding clothes and he in his best dark suit over which he wore a blue army cape bought from a soldier passing through the settlement on his way to California.

An old invoice of 1853 for the first bill of goods sent for from Cedar City still exists, and is an illuminating commentary on the standards of the pioneers of my old town. There is no room in this article for a copy of it, but it contains such items as Tuscan bonnets, bonnet silk, Irish linen, kid shoes, veiling, silk velvet; such items as grammars, dictionaries, and books on chemistry and philosophy.

As time went on, the good clothes wore out (the shoes going first). Then it became a common sight to see a man at the door of the dance hall dressed in buckskin moccasins; the one after him in a high silk hat and broadcloth suit, but barefoot; lace and ruffles dancing in the same set with linsey that had been spun and dyed by the lady who wore it. But however motley their clothes, the ballroom manners of that older generation were decorous and even formal. They would have been shocked at most of the dancing of today.

In appraising the culture of pioneer Cedar City, we must remember that our early pioneer towns were not an outgrowth of the Western frontier, but they represented a culture that was gathered out of old centers of civilization and set down bodily in the heart of the wilderness. Those luxuries that cost money, my old town could not buy. It was years before it owned a bit of statuary or a painting worthy of the name. But one branch of art it could afford and in that it excelled —that was choral singing.

The first choir in Cedar City was led by John Macfarlane, the composer of the beautiful Christmas carol, "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains." Several of those early families had good singing voices, and in their native lands had heard the prominent singers of their day and good choruses. They needed only leadership. After John Macfarlane was called to St. George, there came to Cedar City a young Welshman, who in his boyhood had sung in Eisteddfodds in Wales, and who came of a family of choristers. Joseph Cosslett's soul was afire with music, and he was never so happy as when training his choir. And so it came that in that country town, in the heart of a remote frontier and hundreds of miles from musical centers, fine renditions of Handel and Haydn were heard, and a high tradition established that holds to this day.

I think that in pioneer times there drifted around our town and other towns of Southern Utah, many a cowboy song and song of the outdoors composed by local talent, that was never preserved. We didn't thing much then of that kind of music. Its place, we felt, was out on the range with the activities of range life.

Our attitude toward cowboy music was similar to our attitude toward Indian handicraft. Navajo rugs were used for saddle blankets and camp outfits—no one would have thought of putting one down on a floor. (I remember a huge roll of Navajo rugs belonging to a brother that stood for a period on our back porch without arousing anyone's wish to see its contents. Mother said it should be in a barn because it smelled "Indian".)

The pioneer period of the life of Cedar City lasted from the time of its founding in 1851 until—well, the coming of the automobile. During that time a second generation grew up and a third was in its childhood. The town grew and there were improvements. But pioneer ways and habits of thought still prevailed.

Houses of adobe and brick took the place of the log cabins and dugouts of an earlier day. The local carpenters and masons who planned and built them knew little of architectural rules, but because they used simple lines and honest material, sometimes they built well.

One of my townsmen who lives in an old-fashioned house told me of a visit he had from a stranger, who photographed the house from many angles, talking enthusiastically all the while about its perfect proportions and the charm of its brick trim and small-paned windows. The stranger was the editor of a prominent architectural magazine, and he declared that many old pioneer houses in Utah not only possessed a distinction that newer houses lacked, but proved the early Mormon pioneers to have been people of refinement and good taste.

One day I was standing on a corner of Main Street in Cedar City with Professor Frank Arnold of the State Agricultural College, a New Englander who had lived abroad. He stood gazing raptly at the old Tabernacle that used to stand on Main Street.

"Just look at those lines," he cried in his rapid, clipped speech, "those lovely windows! It is like the old churches in Southern France. The little jew-ell! the little jew-ell! How did these people come to build it?"

THE people of that old pioneer town made no fanfare about helping with community work. It was done simply and as a matter of course. When a road needed repairs, the bishop got up in Sunday meeting and said, "Brethren, the road to the west field has been very muddy since the spring storms. Can't we all get together Thursday morning with our teams and haul some gravel?" And on Thursday morning the men and teams were there and the gravel was hauled. No banquets nor newspaper editorials to work up public spirit. No praise given, and none expected.

Much credit is due to our commercial and service clubs for the good they accomplish in our towns. But as yet, they have found no method of getting public work done which for simplicity and effectiveness can equal that old pioneer method that got under way when the bishop arose in church and said, "Brethren, the road to the west field is very muddy. Let us get together and haul some gravel."

There was not much money in our old town, and no well-to-do donors to support community projects. But when the people wanted a public building, somehow it got built. It was a dollar here and a dollar there, a few days of labor donated by one man, a few bushels of wheat by another, eggs and hams and honey and butter from families that could not give money, and in that way churches and schoolhouses were built and many public projects put over.

It was that simple but practical method that partly built the well-known Escalante Hotel and did entirely put up the central college building of the Branch Agricultural College.

The public schools of pioneer Cedar City were the schools of their day, which means that they were not very good. The courses of instruction were elemental, attendance irregular, the teachers untrained and only occasionally were they really capable. The music and art instruction, the libraries and workshops and gymnasiums that so enrich the lives of today's children, were undreamed of. I was born into a later pioneer period, yet I grew up to my twenties entirely innocent of any critical knowledge of the pictorial and the plastic arts.

Yet I think that no child could live in that setting of sky and mountain and valley, over which from morning until night and through every season played a thousand prismatic hues, and not grow up saturated in color. No child could gaze through that crystal air at the great landscape beyond the town and not sense the grandeur of space. No child could play among the orchards in which my old town was embowered, seeing the loveliness of apple and peach and plum blossoms in the

OLD TABERNACLE, CEDAR CITY, UTAH, 1901.

spring, and not have some knowledge of beauty.

Because of its isolation, few visitors came to our town in pioneer days. Those who did were mostly the cattle buyer on his yearly round, an occasional traveling man, residents from the nearby settlements, state or Church officials making brief visits. But when silver was discovered in the sands of Dixie, and the mining town of Silver Reef sprang up, many strangers were knocking at our gates.

For a number of years a colorful procession traveled through the town, a procession of miners, prospectors, Chinese coolies, gamblers, and rich mine owners, all pressing eagerly forward to make their fortunes in the Eldorado of Southern Utah. When the mines began to close down, many a man came straggling back, empty of pocket and glad to accept a meal and a bed from the quiet old Mormon town he had had scarcely a glance for when he was going the other way.

My older brothers and sisters have told me about the days when the coach that carried the mail and the bullion from Silver Reef to Salt Lake City rolled through our Main Street with two spans of horses, and, on the high seat beside the driver, a guard in the person of a huge, black-bearded Frenchman wearing a sombrero and carrying guns in the tops of his high boots. The coach stopped at the post office for mail, and if there were no passengers, often a bevy of little girls like a flock of twittering birds, burst through the gate in front of the post office and surrounded the driver.

"Oh, please give us a ride!" they

would coax, "Just a little way—just to the Big Bridge!"

Perhaps the rough men were touched by the appeal of innocent childhood, for often the door was opened and the little girls (my sister one of them) were allowed to climb inside. Then, to the accompaniment of shouts from the driver and a chorus of excited squeals, the coach leaped forward and rolled away up the street. Too soon the bridge was reached and the ride ended. But it was a moment of pure romance to remember long after the children were grown, and the coach-and-four, with its armed guard and its boot holding silver bullion, had gone the way of many another feature of an old and colorful West.

AS I said in the beginning, the pioneers of Cedar City came mostly from Great Britain. They were intensely loyal to the land of their adoption; but the older ones kept their native speech and manners and even old-fashioned styles of dress, and these added something quaint and charming to our pioneer town.

Children who had never been out of Cedar City heard from their parents and grandparents many a strange bit of folklore and description of faraway scenes. Father used to tell me sometimes the story of the battle of Waterloo as he had heard it from his old Uncle Moses who fought there. One of the happy recollections of my childhood is of going to grandmother's house in the evenings before Christmas to hear her tell, in her soft Welsh voice, how a certain yew tree near her old home was said to burst into bloom at midnight of Christmas Eve and the cattle on the farm to kneel at that sacred hour.

We learned old English games and heard such songs as "The Mistletoe Bough," "Jock O'Hazeldean," "March of the Men of Harlech." For years the town observed May Day, and on that day, as was the case in many an English village of two hundred years ago, the May queen was crowned and the Maypole braided by couples in bright costumes. Afterwards if the weather permitted, there was a town picnic in the canyon, when old games were played (no one conscious of their origin), and the "Anticks and Comicals" dressed as clowns frolicked among the crowd.

The Cedar City of pioneer days was Western in its occupations. It looked Western for the most part. On Main Street on any week day were cattlemen and freighters, horseback riders, Indians dressed in buckskin and wearing their hair in long braids. Sometimes in the late fall, the men who had ridden the range all summer brought in wild horses and held bucking exhibitions on Main Street that would have stolen the show in any rodeo.

But there on Main Street was something not of the West. There, in the speech and appearance of some of the older generation, were Glasgow and Liverpool, Kent and Glamorgan and Yorkshire, a sprinkling of Scandinavia, and even a glimpse of the East Indies. It was the mellow hues of the Old World woven with the bold colors of the New, to make a unique and rich background for a child to grow up against.

When I was a girl I used to long to get away from Cedar City, to go

where there was "culture," see interesting sights and the kind of people I read about in books. Now I know that a most fascinating world was there, and, right under my nose, the stuff of which literature is made.

The old pioneers of Cedar City are gone now. I remember how sincere they were, how staunch and full of fortitude; and when I think of them one by one, some so picturesque and all with such strong individualities, I feel a sharp pang of regret, knowing that in this standardized world, I shall not see their like again.

Author's Note: I am indebted to William R. Palmer for much information on early Cedar City. Also for the photographs.

MAGAZINE HONOR ROLL TO BE PUBLISHED IN MAY ISSUE OF *RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE*

The General Board is very appreciative of the response of stakes, wards, and missions to the appeal of last year for increased *Magazine* subscriptions in order that the subscription price might be retained at $1.00 per year. Present indications are that the subscription list has increased by 10,000 during the past few months, and the annual *Magazine* subscription report, now being compiled for publication in the May issue of the *Magazine*, indicates that many wards, stakes, and missions have made outstanding gains. The General Board extends its congratulations and thanks for the efforts which have been put forth by officers and *Magazine* representatives and members in the interest of *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is hoped that the excellent records of 1943 may be maintained and even exceeded during 1944.

CHINA SKY

Thelma Ireland

The sky looks like old china,
Sometimes a Haviland hue.
Today it looks like Wedgwood,
White clouds embossed on blue.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponents*, Mar. 1, and Mar. 15, 1884.

"The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of The Women of All Nations"

Extract of a Letter: [To Mrs. Rachel R. Grant] City of Mexico, Oct. 13th, 1883. I have seen something of the world since leaving home, its vanity, hypocrisy and infidelity, and when I compare the condition of the Saints with that of the people with whom I come in contact every day, I cannot feel thankful enough that the Lord led my parents to cast their lot with that people despised of the world, and that I have had strength thus far to follow in their wake. I would rather be the most humble Latter-day Saint with the blessings of the Priesthood, and the hope which the Gospel gives, than all the luxuries of life that wealth and power can give without those blessings . . . . I suppose cousin Heber is in Arizona, love to his family and yourself.

Your Nephew, A. W. Ivins.

* * * *

Editorial: Washington Convention, N.W.S.A.—*The National Republican* of Washington City has published full particulars of the Woman's Convention held in Lincoln Hall, March 4, 5, and 6. Miss Susan B. Anthony presided in the absence of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Speeches were made and papers read by the most noted and active suffragists from the different states. Letters were also read from various parts of this country and Europe, and a general discussion of the question of political equality was the sentiment of the entire convention. . . .

* * * *

Relief Societies Abroad: [Swiss and German Mission]—Berne, Switzerland . . . . As yet there are no Societies organized in Germany, but they will, I am told, be speedily introduced into the branches there as well as in many parts of Germany where it has heretofore been neglected . . . . The first Relief Society organized in this mission was that of Berne. It was organized by Elder P. F. Goss, on the 30th of June, 1882 . . . . The last evening of the Conference Dec. 24th; [1883] the sisters held their meeting . . . . Sister Steiner of the Berne Society presided, and did so with coolness and ease. Good and interesting testimonies were borne, and words of encouragement offered by the sisters in three different languages—the English, French and German.

Annie W. Cannon

* * * *

Ornamental Work: We have seen some very handsome specimens of natural flowers from the funeral of the late Presiding Bishop E. Hunter, preserved for the family by Mrs. E. D. Roundy, 16th Ward. Flowers preserved by her retain their perfectly natural appearance and color. . . .

* * * *

Relief Society Report, Ogden: The ladies of the Relief Society of Weber County held their conference in the Ogden Tabernacle, Dec. 7th, 1883 . . . . Sister Zina D. H. Young . . . then spoke to us upon a variety of subjects . . . . Counselors Hattie C. Brown and Sarah Herrick and Apostle F. D. Richards also addressed the congregation . . . .

Monta Harris.

* * * *

Please Take Notice: Secretaries in the foreign branches, on the Islands and in the States, should forward their statistical and financial reports to the Secretary of Relief Societies, instead of to the Editor of Exponent. It is necessary that the reports be received here two weeks prior to each general conference.

Mrs. S. M. Kimball, Secretary Central Board

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

CHOSEN by their peers as America's outstanding women for 1943 in the fields of business, journalism, radio, moving pictures, labor, music, aviation, industry, science, and literature are:

Business—Mrs. Hortense McQuarrie Odlum. Friends of early days in St. George, Utah, remember her as "always pressing her clothes" and "making a smart appearance—from odds and ends if necessary." She attended high school in St. George. After one term at the Brigham Young University in Provo, she married Floyd Odlum, both living joyously on his salary of fifty dollars a month. They had two sons. Later, in New York, Mr. Odlum rapidly reached financial heights. Obliged to take over the failing Bonwit Teller ladies' specialty store, employing 600, he asked his wife, who had never had a job, to pull it out of the red. As president, she introduced the following innovations: inexpensive dresses with good lines; a salon for creating luxury gowns; an advisor on travel wardrobes; an advisor for male purchasers; life-like figures with heads for window displays; tea-tray service for patrons; lectures, cafeteria, etc. for employees. Her success she attributes largely to what her pioneer background taught her: joy in tackling hard problems and in seeing things through; ability to cooperate; love of honesty and fair play. She collects pioneer relics for the handsome museum she built in St. George.

Journalism — Dorothy Thompson. She is a keen political commentator and fights for the underprivileged.

Radio—Kate Smith. Born with perfect pitch and rhythm, she gives sympathetic, sincere interpretations.

Moving Pictures—Rosalind Russell. She earns $100,000 per picture, probably because she fought for versatility in the roles assigned her.

Labor—Anna Rosenberg. Regional Director of the Social Security Board, she mediates labor disputes and is author of a workable plan to decrease absenteeism in war industries.

Music—Marian Anderson. She is a Negress who studied music in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Italy, and received the Bok award in 1940.

Aviation—Nancy Harkness Love. At twenty-nine, she heads America's WAFS; has flown 150,000 miles without an accident.

Industry—Vivien Kellems. She manufactures woven metal grips to attach to large or small objects. They are used for supporting giant cables, transporting munitions, removing time bombs, etc.

Science—Dr. Katherine Blodgett. She discovered a coating which renders glass invisible and non-reflecting and which admits more light.

Literature—Pearl Buck. Long resident in China, she is a passionate spokesman for eastern peoples, and a Nobel prize winner, 1938.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 31 MARCH 1944 NO. 3

Gratitude to Our Leaders

AS another birthday of the Relief Society approaches on March 17, 1944, which will mark the one hundred second anniversary, many of the Relief Society members' thoughts will tenderly recall the memorable achievements which have characterized Relief Society history throughout the years. Etched clearly in the foreground of this panorama stand the figures of eight women, the dearly beloved leaders who have led the Society—Emma H. Smith, Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. H. Young, Bathsheba W. Smith, Emmeline B. Wells, Clarissa S. Williams, Louise Y. Robison, and Amy Brown Lyman. Beginning with the administration of the second president, Eliza R. Snow, the work has gone on uninterruptedly, spreading out from Salt Lake City in ever-widening circles to encompass the globe. The duties and obligations of the office held by these outstanding women have been arduous and taxing. Many personal desires and pleasures have been foregone as organization matters have pressed for attention. As is true of everything in this life, no one can fully appreciate the experiences of another unless she has herself passed through them, so it is that no member of the Relief Society but one who has served unselfishly as a president can fully appreciate the responsibility ever resting upon such a leader. Without the help of their Heavenly Father and the ever-sustaining counsel and guidance of Church leaders, as well as the loyal support of Relief Society members, it would be impossible for these sisters to have so judiciously, wisely, and successfully led this great Society.

Many members know the first six presidents of the Relief Society only by their good deeds and works which have lived after them, but a great many of the members have been privileged to see the last two presidents as well as derive great benefit from their counsel—members in Europe as well as members in the United States. Louise Y. Robison and Amy Brown Lyman stand as a link between the history of the past and of the future, the embodiment of the virtues and strength of the Mormon woman. Relief Society members feel deep gratitude for these leaders. The General Board, on behalf of the members, over one hundred thousand strong, sends greetings of love and esteem to the seventh president, Louise Y. Robison, who continues to work for the advancement of Relief Society in that part of California where she resides, with the same loving spirit and faithfulness which she manifested as president of Relief Society. To Amy Brown Lyman, the present president, the General Board, on behalf of the Society, expresses its deep gratitude and appreciation for the great progress Relief Society is making under her guidance at the present time, and

the marvelous manner in which the members are fulfilling all the requirements made of them, requirements probably greater than at any other time in the history of Relief Society. The organization enters the future with the same courageous heart and unswerving loyalty to the Church that have been the constant companions of Relief Society in all of its past.

M.C.S

NOTICE TO MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTORS

THE *Relief Society Magazine* welcomes contributions—prose, poetry, and fiction. All biographical material, however, is solicited by the editors and is restricted to that which meets some special need of the Society.

The *Magazine* does not maintain a regular department for book reviews. Only those books are reviewed that are recommended by the Relief Society General Board for use in connection with the work of the Society, particularly the educational courses; books published by Church auxiliaries; and books of special value for home libraries written by the General Authorities of the Church.

Great care is exercised in handling all manuscripts submitted; however, the *Magazine* does not assume responsibility for unsolicited material.

All manuscripts must be accompanied by sufficient postage for delivery and return; otherwise, rejected manuscripts will not be returned, nor will the authors be advised of their disposition. Rejected manuscripts will not be held in this office longer than six months.

All manuscripts should be typewritten, double spaced, if possible. Original and not carbon copies should be submitted.

Seasonal material should be submitted at least three months in advance of the month for which it is intended.

Accepted manuscripts are paid for upon publication. The *Magazine* appreciates having its contributors listed among its subscribers, but does not pay for published material with Magazine subscriptions.

LEATHER BINDING AND PACKAGED BINDING MATERIAL FOR *RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINES* NO LONGER AVAILABLE

The Relief Society Magazine, January 1944, p. 32, announced that those desiring to have their *Magazines* bound with leather binding might do so through the office of the General Board at a cost of $3.00 a volume, with an additional charge of $1.00 where *Magazines* are furnished by this office. The General Board regrets to announce that leather binding is no longer available, nor can the General Board furnish, as hitherto, packages containing material to be used by those people who bind their own books, since the supply is exhausted, and a new supply cannot be purchased at this time. Cloth binding, however, is still available at the price quoted in the January 1944 *Magazine*—$1.75 per volume including the index.

Lula Greene Richards to Observe Ninety-fifth Birthday

Louisa Wells Luke

WE owe a debt of gratitude to the founders and pioneers of all institutions connected with the development of our Church and state. It takes persistent effort and great ability to establish things. Mrs. Lula Greene Richards is one of these pioneers. A woman of talent and ability, she was called to be the first editor of the *Woman's Exponent*, "For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of all Nations," thus editing the periodical which gave Latter-day Saint women so many opportunities for expression and development.

Sister Richards is a poet. She began her literary career as a very young girl by writing verses and poetry for the local papers and periodicals. With the aid of her father, and her friend Eliza R. Snow, she gained an education which fitted her for the role of editor, leader, writer, and pioneer.

When you visit Sister Lula today you feel uplifted and inspired by her pure fine spirit. And you are impressed with her poetical ability and wonderful memory. When she was eight years old she read and learned an acrostic written by Phineas Young on the Book of Mormon. This inspired her to write an acrostic on her name, Louisa Lula Greene. She wrote it on a slate as she had not yet learned to use a pen. She must have been a small but vibrant child and a fine reader. Today, she is still a fine reader and when she recites or reads a poem her face lights up and her voice rings with music and her whole being expresses rhythm, strength, and vigor. A visit with Sister Lula is a privilege and an inspiration. The following is the little poem she wrote when only eight years old:

LOUISA LULA GREENE

Little children when at play
Oh! how quick will pass the day!
United now all hand in hand,
Is the playful little band,
Skipping up and down the lane,
As if they never thought of pain.

Laughing, singing, making fun,
Under, over, jump and run;
Listening to each other's words—
Answering like chattering birds.

Glad to reach their home at last,
'Round the hearth they gather fast.
Evening comes that they may rest,
Early at night they are undressed.
Now the little prayers are said,
Each child then is put to bed.

Sister Richards will celebrate her ninety-fifth birthday on April 8, 1944. We wish to offer our congratulations, and on behalf of all Latter-day Saint women, we wish to express our love and gratitude for her contribution to the founding of a fine institution, and for her inspiration to women at a time when the women of the world did not have the opportunity for development and expression that they have today.

The Rock and the River

Ezra J. Poulsen

PART ONE

THE rock, like a grim granite face, jutted out from the side of the ridge directly above the river, which meandered gracefully, and, at times, half hesitatingly through the valley.

Over to the west, along the lazy slope dipping in below the cedar-covered foothills next to the gap, lay the Mansfield farm, resplendent in its hundred acres of waving wheat, alfalfa, and corn; and comfortably secure in its weather-beaten frame house, surrounded by the orchard, the barns, and the cluster of brownish-green hay stacks. Then, too, there was the big corral in which John Mansfield milked his pure-blooded Holstein cows summer mornings and evenings, assisted by his son, Jack, and upon special occasions by Julia, his wife, and his laughing, blue-eyed daughter, Bonnie; for the Mansfields were thrifty, each one capable of pitching in and helping wherever needed.

This is not to say there was no division of labor. Julia had been a model housekeeper from the beginning, and Bonnie was like her mother. John had expressed his contempt many a time for men who expect their women folks to work like horses, a sentiment which had materialized early into electric lights for the Mansfield farm, and then in rapid succession, one labor-saving gadget after another, until the conveniences in the home were the envy of the neighborhood. Yet John was inclined to be hard with himself and with others. Julia, whose nature ran toward soft and pliable qualities, often called him the Rock, at the same time pointing a warning finger at the granite ledge on the hillside. To this, he had a ready answer. Half-derisively, half-playfully, he referred to her as the River. "Always ready to follow the course of least resistance," he declared, when dealing with the all-important problem of disciplining the children.

"Yes, but rocks, though hard, often break. Then there's no putting them together," she retorted.

Thus it was that both Jack and Bonnie learned early in life to address most of their petitions to their father through their mother.

"Dad's as firm as a rock," Jack said whimsically, when he returned from his third winter at college. "And mother's as right as the river."

"And both of them are the best dad and mom anyone ever had," declared Bonnie, whose diploma signifying her graduation from business school had been signed. "That's the reason we've had more opportunities than most of the other kids in the neighborhood."

Even as Bonnie spoke, there was an air of vibrant mystery in her voice, as well as her eyes; for she looked eagerly through the big dining-room window down the driveway, then rushed to her room and began comb-

ing out her curly blonde hair. A moment later she reappeared in a natty red jacket and blue serge skirt. At about the same moment, the hum of a motor signified the approach of a car. Then came three sharp toots from a horn.

Whistling under his breath, Jack sprang up to look out the window. Bonnie rushed to the door.

"Mom, some of the kids are going downtown. Will it be all right if I go? I'll be back soon. Leave the dishes for me."

Before Mrs. Mansfield could answer, Jack whistled again. This time it was a very slow, mellow, tantalizing whistle, which quickly brought the pink to Bonnie's cheeks, for she saw her brother was looking straight at her. "What a sophisticated, grown-up sis I've got!" he cried, observing her tallish gracefulness, emphasized by high-heeled shoes. Teasingly, his thumb tilted back over his shoulder. "And the handsome soldier out in the car, is, is—he just one of the kids?"

Bonnie was confused. "Er—yes, no. Well, that's Dale Weyman. He's visiting up at Davidsons." She threw a startled glance at both her father and her mother, then dashed through the door and down the path. The sound of merry voices floated up through the locust trees, splashing their shadows in the dusty gold of the June sunset, as the car drove away.

"DALE Weyman, who is he, anyway?" asked Julia Mansfield of her daughter as the latter was keeping her promise about washing the dishes before going to bed.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Bonnie evasively. "He's one of Dick Davidson's friends from the army. He lives in the East; and since he had a short furlough the same time as Dick, Dick brought him home. Oh, but mother, he's a grand person, well educated, and refined, and, and handsome." Instinctively, Bonnie stopped, feeling that she had blundered.

"Be very careful. You know how we feel about your going with strangers," advised her mother.

"But Mother!"—Bonnie squelched a hasty retort. However, the next day she triumphantly felt she had a better answer; for Dale Weyman himself came to the Mansfield farm and she introduced him to the family.

This was a day of unusual significance in the Mansfield home. Neither Jack nor Bonnie nor their parents, at the moment, realized the extent of this truth. Nevertheless, this was the first time one of the children had brought home a person of the opposite sex, except the neighbors' children, whose presence had always been accepted in the casual, easy-going way, characteristic of rural democracy. But now, John and Julia Mansfield suddenly began to realize that their children were grown, and in the usual course of events might be expected to choose their own life's companions. Bonnie's obvious interest in Dale Weyman made this starkly clear. Still, in the immediate responsibility of entertaining a guest, a stranger, they forgot their mental reservations in their effort to show their hospitality. Even Jack, much to Bonnie's relief, was in his most interesting mood.

"I'm a cadet at a flying school in the southwest," explained young

Weyman. "If I'm lucky, and have enough happy landings, I'll get my wings before long."

"I'm expecting my call any day now," declared Jack apologetically. "I'll very likely be in right after haying, and I hope I can do as well as you."

"This terrible war!" sighed Mrs. Mansfield. "Isn't your mother heartsick?"

"My—my mother is not living," he replied soberly.

"I—I'm so sorry." Julia felt rebuked. She also felt very inadequate. Presently something vague and terrifying seemed to take possession of her mind.

"Mr. Weyman lives in New York State," said Bonnie, anxious to promote greater ease. "He's studying to be a lawyer."

John Mansfield's gray eyes shifted rather coolly, and his firm mouth grew a trifle firmer. He didn't care very much for the legal profession.

"That's fine. You have a bright future," declared Julia, instinctively knowing her husband did not approve.

"Why don't we all get in the car and go for a ride. Dad, mother, and all of us," proposed Jack with both enthusiasm and diplomacy.

"Yes, let's do." cried Bonnie.

"I'll get dinner. You young folks go," urged Julia in a spirit of retreat.

"I've a few chores," declared John. "Take Mr. Weyman up to the top of the ridge and show him the valley," he suggested, turning the car key over to Jack.

"Okay, Dad."

The car rolled down the driveway a few minutes later. John and Julia Mansfield looked at each other with vague, questioning eyes, both secretly wishing they had gone, neither admitting it. Presently John turned and went out to the corral.

When the young people returned, Julia had a delicious dinner prepared; and the Mansfields, as well as their guest, sat down in good spirits. The game of getting acquainted was continued with enthusiasm. And Dale Weyman proved to be a good inquisitor as well as a successful defense council, as questions and answers were bandied about. Before the meal was over, they had not only discussed the Mansfields and the Weymans, but also politics, religion, education, and a dozen other subjects.

But more particularly, Bonnie's youthful appraising eyes had searched the features of the tall, auburn-haired young man sitting at right angles from her, and had driven invisible tentacles of admiration into his entire being, until he seemed glorified before her. In quite a different way, John Mansfield studied not only his guest but his daughter, and the gray tint in his eyes seemed to harden, as he made a mental note of Bonnie's too obvious interest in the stranger.

"It's all right to be friendly," he was ruminating in his mind, even while he was talking about other matters, "but no more. Bonnie will have to be made to understand this at once."

IT turned out that Dale Weyman's furlough lasted longer than the Mansfields had expected. It also developed very quickly that his interest in Bonnie was active, and was meeting with encouragement. The next day he called for her in Dick Davidson's car. Though her mother pro-

tested mildly, she finally consented to Bonnie's going for a ride. Then, on each of several succeeding days, he called. At last, John Mansfield, who had been nursing his disapproval in silence, confronted his daughter, his face as grim and hard as the rock beyond the river.

"Bonnie, this will have to stop," he demanded.

"But Father, he's a very nice young man," protested Bonnie. "And—I like him."

"I never said anything about that. It's just that there must be nothing serious between you and him. Under no consideration are you to go out with him again in an automobile."

Bonnie turned away silently. In her heart were certain wild, impulsive rumblings of rebellion. The next day down at the post office, she ran into Dale unexpectedly; and almost before she realized it, he led her to his car, and was driving gaily away with her. As she sank back in the cushions, she suddenly realized she was disobeying her father.

"What a lucky break," he laughed. "We can take a long ride."

"Oh, no," she protested. "I—I musn't."

"First we can go down to the village, and enjoy an ice-cream soda."

"But my folks don't know where I am."

He had no intention of being rude, and he was not aware of the validity of her objections. But his enthusiasm carried him on. "Then, we'll drive around the valley, and back along the river road."

Bonnie let her eyes rest on his clear, angular face. His rather prominent nose, and finely chiseled mouth, at the moment wrinkled into a tantalizing smile, combined with his strong chin to give him a masculine appeal which subdued her.

And under the visor of his military cap, his eyes, which she had previously observed were brownish, seemed like dark pools of inky blue. The car tilted on a stretch of hogback road, throwing her relaxed body against him. He slipped his arm around her shoulders, drawing her closer.

"Bonnie, you're wonderful," he cried with sudden fervor. "I dread to think of leaving you."

She didn't dare say what she felt. She merely looked across the fields, letting the June breeze fan her cheeks. There was an exhilarating moment of excitement. Then, swiftly she felt his arm tighten, and with passionate determination, he crushed her lips to his. She struggled, then yielded, vaguely aware of being subdued by forces beyond her control.

"Darling, I love you," he whispered, quickly restoring his hold on the wheel.

"Oh, Dale," she murmured. "I—I—"

He would have kissed her again, but the protest in her eyes stopped him, and they rode on in silence. There seemed to be an infinite number of things waiting to be said, yet words became difficult.

"I leave tomorrow," he remarked solemnly.

"You do? That sounds so final."

"It's not final unless you make it so."

Bonnie Mansfield was really a very rational person, consequently she began to take stock of the entire situation. "Do you think a ten-day acquaintance could be love?" she demanded with forced calmness.

"I do!" He was so emphatic she was almost startled.

"I don't," she countered.

She expected him to grow eloquent in an effort to prove his point, but he seemed to retreat within himself. She noticed the change and feared she had offended him. "Have I made you angry?" she asked quite humbly.

They reached the main highway, a mile above the village, and broke into the scattered stream of traffic. "You have not," he replied with a wry grin, as he glanced appreciatively at her wavy yellow hair, and oval, girlish face. "You have made me think—and quite determined to prove the honesty of my affection." In a few moments they reached the drugstore, and he took her in to get the promised ice-cream soda. In the presence of other people, they turned to lighter, gayer talk. Dale was in an especially good mood when he again put her in the car and drove in the direction of the river.

"Do we take the river road up the valley toward your place?" he asked.

"I'd love it," she declared.

"And do we drive up the ridge and look back down the valley, and across at your farm before I take you home?"

"That will be perfect. If—if—we're not too long," she murmured.

Impulsively, he drew her closer and let the car idle along. The broken vistas of fields and stretches of river, shaded by cottonwood and birch and willows, gave the river road a cool, sequestered quality. Halfway up the valley, they stopped at a picnic ground on a wide, grassy bend, where they watched some small fish glide about in the clear water, and listened to the chatter of a group of magpies in an entangled wilderness of willows.

"I made a great discovery in town," he announced unexpectedly.

"What?"

"There's a fine opening here for a young lawyer. It looks like a real place for me, after the war is over, and I've finished the last few months of my law course."

"Oh, Dale, what an idea!" she cried, hardly realizing the extent to which her voice betrayed her unconditional approval of the idea.

"Darling!" he pleaded. "Will you marry me—then?"

Her eyes indicated an affirmative answer, though her tongue refused to confirm it. But when he again crushed her in his arms, she did not make even a slight resistance.

Suddenly, a truck thundered around the bend; a horn blared violently its sharp disapproving notes. They sprang apart. Bonnie gave a startled little cry, then turned slightly pale. "That was father," she said. A moment later she added, as if something long forgotten had just come back to her mind. "He has forbidden me to go out with you."

Dale Weyman's face was serious, and very determined. "Then, we'll follow him up and I'll explain everything," he declared.

"No, Dale, I'll do the explaining. Remember, you just picked me up by chance. We'll go up to the bluff as we said. Then, you'll let me off at the forks of the road. I'll go home just as I came—alone." He protested, but she would have it that way.

"Goodby, Darling," he murmured with deep feeling. "And don't forget, I'm coming back. I'm coming back."

"Goodby." She hurried away to keep control of her feelings. "And—and I'll be waiting."

The rest of the family was at supper when she walked quietly but firmly into the house. "Bonnie!" John Mansfield's eyes were burning with anger. "What does this mean? I saw you down at the picnic grounds with young Weyman, didn't I?"

"We were there, Father, and we thought we saw your truck go by." She went to her room to straighten her hair and try to compose herself for the ordeal of explaining truthfully what had happened between her and Dale, but her father's stern voice still rang in her ears, though she could hear her mother and even Jack speaking in her defense. Still, when she went to the table, his fury seemed only to have gathered strength. And it broke upon her like an avalanche.

It is needless to repeat anything that John Mansfield said to his daughter; yet, though much of it was violent and unjust, it was, nevertheless, prompted by a true fatherly interest in his daughter's welfare. Neither had acted with any deliberate intention of doing wrong, yet the result was that one violent outburst produced another, for life is that way; and Bonnie, sobbing as if her heart would break, locked herself in her own room, and flung herself across her bed, where she gave way completely to emotional storm.

The shadows crawled into her room—first, the long finger-like shadows of the Lombardy poplar trees, then, the deep, black ones which came in indistinct legions down from the hills. Finally, the moon arose above the ridge, throwing its serene rays across the rock below. Bonnie shuddered. There was no serenity in her heart. All was black and seething turmoil.

She tried the window, then, cautiously raised it, after which she gathered a few clothes in a small suitcase, and slipped out into the garden. For a few moments, she concealed her white face in the shadow of an apple tree, while she glanced back at the house with an expression of combined anger and terror. Finally, she ran toward the road.

(*To be continued*)

The Pink Angel

(*Continued from page 155*)

"It's over there on the dressing table," said Nan, her eyes filling with quick tears. She kept them closed for a moment, and when she opened them again, Merrilyn, standing on a chair, had just finished tying the pink angel into place on the top of the tree.

Then jumping down, she ran over to the bed and looking down at Nan with shining eyes, said, "It looks simply perfect, doesn't it?"

"Simply perfect," Nan repeated, raising her face to meet Merrilyn's kiss.

Soil Improvement in the Home Garden

Hazel D. Moyle

Garden Editor, *Deseret News*

IN garden making, be it Victory or flower gardening, the condition of the soil is the most common complaint of the amateur. It is safe to say that more grumbling is done about poor soil than any other garden deficiency, with less done to remedy this number-one problem. The home gardener will spend good-sized sums for purchasing the newest rose bush, but not one cent for—yes, you have guessed it—soil improvement!

Beginners actually expect to find that perfect, loamy soil all ready and waiting for their light touch to awaken and bring it into a magical full production, but alas, few ever find such a happy state of affairs.

Yet, we go merrily on putting in large and extensive flower beds and Victory gardens, and neglect to first examine and consider the betterment of the soil in which we plant. Many pseudo-garden lovers allow poor soil to be the alibi which excuses their own shabby home grounds, contending that their neighbor's beautiful flower garden and bumper crops just grow, like Topsy, with no special effort.

The story is told of how one successful back-yard gardener was one day playing host to a group of such admiring visitors who were torn between admiration and the dark stirrings of envy as they gazed at his flower beds, all blazing with color and perfume.

"Of course it is easy for you to have such a beautiful garden with your good soil," said one of the covetous flower lovers. "Just see what fine loamy stuff it is!" and she stooped down and stirred the surface with a light touch of her finger tips.

"Yes," agreed their host affably, yet with a twinkle in his eye, "you are right. It is wonderful soil—who should know better than I just how good it is, for I mixed it, every spadeful, with my own hands, and brought it all here in my wheelbarrow."

We are not all endowed with such courage, nor blessed with such forthright gardening zeal as this successful gardener, but it is to be hoped that his good example of industry gave his visitors a new outlook on this old problem.

Actually, there is no soil so poor nor hopeless but it can, with a little intelligent effort, be made into a good garden loam. Anyone who is willing to take the trouble can soon become the proud and happy possessor of a rich, loamy garden soil. The thing is, to first analyze your natural soil in an endeavor to discover what is lacking, and then set about a planned program of supplying what is lacking. This may take

several years, for we cannot all follow the method of the successful gardener who mixed his soil in a wheelbarrow, but even one season's efforts can materially improve any soil's growing conditions.

THERE are two main types of soil; namely, the clay soil and that which is of a sandy nature. Many of us are only too familiar with the first. If yours is sticky and hard to work when wet, yet when dry is even more difficult and impenetrable—then you can write yours down as the clay soil—and this has damaged a good many otherwise naturally cheerful and hopeful dispositions. Yet, once this type has been lightened with the proper soil ingredients it can become an almost perfect garden soil.

The gardener who owns the clay soil should make every effort to add sand, just plain builders' or clean river sand, to help loosen it up, and ashes from both the coal furnace or stove and from the wood-burning fireplace, these supplying valuable potash as well as improving the soil's texture. The ashes should first be sifted to remove clinkers, and then added and well worked in before any planting is done. The clay soil must be watched as it dries out so that it can be worked at just the proper time. If worked when too wet, it is a gummy, sticky mess, and if left until it forms that forbidding hard crust, then it is equally difficult to work. There is a happy time just between the two—when it is partially dry—that any clay soil becomes quite obliging and workable. This is the time to attack it, for elbow grease looms large in the program if the clay soil is to be made over and improved. It must be dug and dug and worked over and over. And any soil improver which is added must be mixed thoroughly.

The sandy soil, unless doctored up, is just as unsatisfactory as the clay soil. It is lean and hungry and dries out quickly. The unfortunate gardener must constantly apply moisture, and even so, the plants will not thrive on such poor stuff. But by adding humus, generous and abundant humus, the soil will become a lovely rich loam. One can scarcely overdo the application of humus if the natural soil is a sandy one.

JUST what, do I hear you murmur, is this mysterious humus that we hear so much about? The answer is, humus is any organic material which has decayed and become rich black loam. This is the stuff which can add that spark to awaken your poor stubborn clay soil into a teeming productiveness; and it also supplies the rich nourishment which makes the thin, hot, and meager sandy soil into a loam brimming with life and vitality.

The most common means of securing this valuable humus has been by means of barnyard manure, but in using this directly in the soil in preparation for immediate planting, the manure must be well rotted and decomposed so that it will not cause injury to the roots of plants. Manure which is new can be added as a mulch on top of the ground after planting is done with safety, or it can be used to enrich the ground by applying a generous layer on top in late fall, there to lie and weather and disintegrate during the winter. But when being mixed directly with the soil, it should be old and mellow.

But there is still another valuable source where any home gardener can secure a marvelous supply of this invaluable soil improver. Every garden, no matter how small, should have a spot in some out-of-the-way corner where a pit can be dug in which all the green refuse from the garden and the kitchen can be thrown, there to lie and rot and disintegrate and become rich, black leaf mold, the most potent of all aids to healthy and abundant growth of garden plants. Why do gardeners neglect to make use of this simple and easy means by which their garden soils can be built up and made into that crumbly loam which is the prime requirement of a successful garden?

It is sheer waste to burn such materials as lawn clippings, fallen leaves, weed tops, discarded plants of all types, clippings, faded flowers, vegetable tops of all kinds, outer leaves of lettuce, orange, lemon, and grapefruit rinds, and apple peelings. These materials that are usually burned or thrown into the garbage cans are invaluable as a quick disintegrating source of rich humus. They decay in a few months' time, and leave that valuable spark which supplies the poor soil with the magical elements for stimulating new growth.

The compost pit or hole should be deep enough (about three feet) so that the contents are kept moist below the surface of the ground, for it is the moisture which hastens disintegration. A layer of ordinary soil can be added occasionally as the pit is filled to assist in the process of decay, and if the entire mass is turned over once or twice, this too will help. Some gardeners also add lime occasionally to assist and hurry the process of making the green rubbish into rich black soil.

When the pit has stood the required time, which varies from six to eighteen months, the contents should be put through a screen to sift out any parts that have not fully rotted, and these can be thown back to form the beginning of another supply. The compost will be found more valuable than pearls and emeralds to any back-yard gardener. It can be used on any plant, and placed directly around the roots of all plants and bulbs, while the manure, which is our other valuable source of humus, cannot be placed close to the roots as it may damage them unless it is very old and well rotted.

ONE very simple and easy method of quickly improving the soil in the perennial garden, or where shrubs or trees are to be planted, is to dig a hole large and deep enough to contain the roots of the plant when they will be fully grown. Cart this poor soil away for use in supplying the thin layer over your refuse in the compost pile, and substitute the lovely and rich black humus from the compost pit. Then set out your new plant. In this manner, one can gradually supply all the plants of the garden with this perfect soil to encourage the feeding roots to go deep into the ground, thus producing robust growth above ground, for it is the feeding roots below the surface that supply our plants with the elements which make them grow.

Compost can also be used in the Victory gardens, mixing it with the regular soil of both the clay and sandy types, to furnish added fertil-

ity and to improve the texture and help the soil to more quickly absorb and retain moisture.

In small city gardens where space is valuable and neighbors are near by, a wooden cover can be constructed to place over the compost pit, which will prevent it from becoming a nuisance. Wherever practical, more than one pit should be used, so that while one is filled and ripening for use, another can be gradually filled, thus the gardener can soon acquire a permanent source of rich black loam to help keep all types of plants, both indoor and out, in a state of bounding and fertile growth.

EARLY SPRING

Alice Morrey Bailey

Above the dreaming woman the ragged clouds drift by,
Above the dreaming rivers, the tender, dreaming sky;
But the vaporous ground is pungent in vale and mountain crest
Of roots that seek their substance beneath Earth's swelling
breast.

A writhing, stretching movement within her fertile womb
Belies the leafless branches, the stark, unwefted loom,
The sun's administrations, the songbird's mad delight
Awake the sleeping vision, dispel the winter night,
Deliver her of burden, make the mother sing,
Bring forth her sweetest treasure—give birth to
elfin Spring.

A Brief History of the Spring City Relief Society

Related by Bergetta Jensen, President

[The *Magazine* prints this account of the activities of the Spring City, North Sanpete Stake, Relief Society as being typical in many ways of other Relief Societies.—Ed.]

AN organization known as "A Female Relief Society" was organized in Spring City, May 10, 1868, under the direction of Bishop C. G. Larsen and Counselors James A. Allred and Peter Rasmussen. Mary Ann Price Hyde was sustained as president with Elizabeth Allred as 1st counselor and Anna N. Larsen as 2nd counselor, Sarah Ellis as treasurer, and Elizabeth Fretwell as secretary.

On May 13, 1868, another meeting was held and six teachers were appointed. The time for holding meetings was set for the first Thursday in each month at 2 p.m. An entrance fee was given by each member which usually consisted of a few pounds of wool yarn, quilt blocks, scraps of cloth, or anything that might be converted into something usable. At first, the organization consisted of fifteen members, and on the 13th of May 1869, the enrollment had grown to 104 and the charitable receipts and expenditures for one year made a balance of $105.20.

On November 10, 1870, the cornerstone for a Relief Society Hall was laid on the city lot owned by the Relief Society. A granary was later erected on the same lot and the building of the Hall was abandoned on the advice of the Authorities who deemed it advisable to center our efforts in the erection of a new meetinghouse for the ward.

In June 1870, the grasshopper pest threatened the valley and the sisters made efforts to save the crops and glean all they could. Sister Lizzie was sent to Manti by the Relief Society to learn to braid straw and make hats, and in turn teach the sisters that all might have hats.

In the year of 1874, the sisters were asked to plant mulberry trees and begin the raising of silk worms which was undertaken but afterwards abandoned.

On the Fourth of July, 1876, marking the 100th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the Relief Society was invited to arrange for a fitting celebration. The brethren built a bowery and the sisters supplied an appropriate program with a feast, and dance for all in the evening.

The *Exponent* was then known as the Relief Society organ, and through this paper, President Brigham Young advised the sisters to store wheat for a time of famine.

In December 1876, came a call for the Society to do its bit toward the building of a temple at Manti. Many hundreds of dollars were donated besides carpets, rugs, fancy work, etc., that were given to help beautify the building.

In December 1878, the Relief Society deeded one-half its lot to the School Board, on which to erect a school building.

In the year 1879, many new Saints arrived and much was done toward making them comfortable for the winter. Much gleaning was done and wheat stored this year.

September 20, 1881, President Eliza R. Snow and Emmeline B. Wells visited the ward Relief Society.

In eight years, the Relief Society had donated $800.00 in cash to the Manti Temple besides helping to feed and care for those who labored in its erection, and was pleased to help furnish and decorate it with the articles before mentioned.

The first 17th of March celebration was held in 1892. Each one in the ward was invited to attend, and a large gathering resulted, each person bringing a lunch basket, prepared to spend the day. An inspiring program consisting of songs, testimonies, dialogues, readings, reminiscences, etc., was given. At noon, luncheon was served, after which the program continued, and closed with a dance in the evening. For many years this was the day on which the annual fee of ten cents was paid by each Relief Society member as a means of assisting in the general expense of the organization. At a conference held this same year, the report showed 55,000 bushels of wheat stored by the Relief Societies of the stake.

This year, the women made much homemade cloth, hosiery, and much apparel for the poor.

Again the sisters gathered grain, and it is to be noted that under the direction of President Tulgreen the granary was spotlessly clean, free from mice or vermin, and in every way was typical of Relief Society ideals.

The San Francisco disaster of 1906 called for help in the line of quilts, food, soap, clothing, and cash, which was readily responded to.

World War I opened the way to explain Relief Society work to many people who had not known of it previously, but were willing to help. Much sewing, knitting, quilting, and other work was done.

Beautiful lessons for each meeting had been introduced into our Society, and a "Baby Day" was featured, at which time sixty-five babies were examined by doctors.

Then came the dreaded flu epidemic and again was the call heeded for financial help and nursing assistance.

In 1923, came the call for stored wheat. The Government needed it, and wheat to the amount of $3,416.79 was sold. The money was placed (according to counsel) in the Presiding Bishop's Office in Salt Lake City. The interest money from this wheat fund was used for maternity and child-welfare work. Clinics for school children continue to be held.

During the years 1923 to 1928, a great amount of temple work was done by the Relief Society. In addition to caring for the sick, the poor, and other duties incident to regular Relief Society work, the sisters visited the homes, and encouraged all to try to do temple work. During one year alone, work was done for more than one thousand people for the Spring City Ward.

Note: A picture of the Spring City Relief Society granary is found in *A Centenary of Relief Society*, p. 73.

How I Help Ward Literature Leaders in Lieu of Union Meetings

Fae J. Nielsen

Member of Pocatello Stake Board

THE discontinuance of union meetings has had a tendency toward promoting close harmony between our stake and ward literature leaders. We have learned to pool our good ideas as well as our problems, and thereby help each other. We have each become more self-reliant and more cooperative.

Since the reading of the Bible has been urged in the auxiliary organizations of the Church, many people are discovering their interest in it. The modern translations of the Bible by Ernest S. Bates and Doctor Richard G. Moulton present this "priceless storehouse of excellent writing" arranged in forms conducive to leisure-time reading as well as study for spiritual guidance. I sincerely believe that a beautiful and lasting appreciation for Bible literature is being cultivated through the Relief Society.

Most of us require a little persuasion to do the things which are best for us. The Government has carried out an extensive program to educate the public concerning the present need for good nutrition. Our literature classes are a medium through which the Relief Society is giving us spiritual and literary nourishment. Both programs have been planned to meet a very urgent present-day need for physical and spiritual fortitude.

The ways in which I help ward literature leaders vary from month to month. However, there are some helps which may be used consistently by every stake class leader. Certainly, any system which results in thorough preparation is to be recommended.

Classifications for Planning

First, it is necessary to plan ahead; it is advisable to have lessons in mind two or three months in advance. Second, it is important to build an atmosphere which will lend added significance to the lesson to be presented. This may be done through coordination with the music department, use of short stories, selected poems, and visual aids, such as pictures and maps. Word pictures by people who have traveled or read a great deal, add a touch of reality. Third, know your sources of information; read your Bible. Use *The Relief Society Magazine* lessons, making repeated references to back lessons, i.e., those for 1942-1943. They reveal new meanings with each reading. Repetition is one of the most dependable methods of teaching. To avoid monotony and strengthen its

appeal, an idea may often be expressed in different ways. Fourth, make your knowledge conversational; learn to talk about the Bible in an interesting manner with families and friends. Draw out well-informed persons of your acquaintance. Interesting experiences in reading the Bible will be related in class if Relief Society women feel at ease and in tune with the spirit of the lesson being presented. Fifth, learn to interpret the Bible in the language of our own times and apply it to present-day problems. Literature of any period is interpreted according to the student's knowledge and experience.

First, Plan Your Lessons Ahead

If earnest preparation is begun well in advance, most problems will take care of themselves. My most practical help in doing this is to keep a sheet of paper, or a notebook, handy, on which to make notations or references. Close by the telephone, where no one will disturb it, is the most convenient place for me to keep it. Any information I receive from a ward leader over the telephone can be easily jotted down, or if a request comes for some special help, once it is written down it is not so apt to be overlooked. If an interesting thought comes over the radio while I'm about my work, it takes only a minute or two to write it on my handy sheet of paper. Then, when I'm ready to organize my material and commence the actual preparation of a lesson, I need not waste valuable time searching for something which I am sure I have some place.

I also have a small notebook, a looseleaf, which I carry in my purse. In it, I take notes on meetings which I attend, copy interesting items which I read, or make a record of references for future study. When I begin to segregate my material according to its value for a particular lesson, I always have my notebook, the sheet of miscellaneous notations, and my *Magazine* at hand. These time-saver ideas simplify lesson planning and give me the feeling that an important part of the work is accomplished with comparatively little effort.

I have also found that a dictionary and a Bible which is self-pronouncing are almost indispensable.

By reading the lesson in the *Magazine* as soon as I receive it, I keep in mind the subjects of the lessons to come. Then in the margins of the *Magazine*, I make references to information which I find in my reading. I always have my *Magazine* with me. It requires so little space to carry and is a congenial companion with which to spend a few minutes.

We used the lesson previews in the *Magazine* and study helps as a basis for discussion at the one planning meeting which we held in September. I tried to anticipate the problems which would need special consideration. Generally speaking, the ward leaders felt that this year's work would duplicate last year's lessons in some cases. Since then, however, we have come to know that the Bible is indeed a book of "hidden treasures." Against the background of last year's study, this season's lessons have been easier to present and more satisfying.

Second, Build an Atmosphere

It is important to build an atmos-

phere which will furnish a background for and add significance to the lesson to be presented. This was demonstrated in the presentation of the lesson on the Creation. Wherever possible in the wards of our stake, parts of the oratorio, *The Creation*, by Haydn were reproduced on the piano, organ or phonograph. The music departments in the wards and stake cooperated wholeheartedly in making this possible. In some wards the story was successfully told to the musical accompaniment. In other wards the music was used as an introduction to the lesson or as a fitting climax.

Well-chosen hymns which correlate with the lessons also add variety and interest, and can be sung as trios, duets, or solos with instrumental accompaniment.

Short stories have been used to good advantage in centering the attention of a class of busy Relief Society women upon the subject at hand. Stories can be arranged to a convenient length for readings.

Appropriate verses from the *Relief Society Centennial Anthology of Verse* are adaptable for this same purpose. Bits of poetry will often guide the trend of thought in a class to the subject of the lesson and incidentally illustrate the influence of the Bible upon the world's literature.

Topics given by ward members on timely subjects related to the lesson have a wealth of possibilities as interest builders. Information can be found in current periodicals and library magazine files. I seldom look for some specific information but that I find something else of interest and value. All of these suggestions have been used in our wards.

Third, Know Your Sources of Information

Know your sources of information; read your Bible. Both reading and talking about the Bible add comprehension to the study of it. Since I hesitate to rely upon my own understanding of the Bible, I take the precaution of naming the authority from which I quote. These quotations I feel free to pass along to the ward leaders by mail, by telephone, and through personal contacts. I have combined the best maps and pictures into a valuable scrapbook. Inasmuch as we have twelve wards in our stake and four wards sharing two chapels, I often visit two ward literature classes in one month. My scrapbook is very helpful in the preparation of the lessons. I started it last year and now it contains many pictures and maps cut from old copies of the *National Geographic;* souvenirs from Palestine sent to me by my brother who is with the army air corps in the Middle East; an interesting story of present-day Palestine from an old copy of the *Improvement Era;* news items; and typewritten copies of interesting information which I have gathered from my reading. This scrapbook is now one of my most interesting possessions. It has been my greatest source of ready information, always close at hand, the result of efforts both large and small. It has been used in many of the wards in its entirety and sections of it have been used in other wards. Copies of the typewritten information have been sent to all ward literature leaders. I also have a very good condensation of the story of Palestine taken from Carpenter's *Travels.*

The librarian at our public library

has arranged a reserve shelf of books dealing with a study of Bible literature, for the convenience of ward class leaders.

Current issues of the *Improvement Era* have interesting information, concerning ancient Israel; and *The Children's Friend* has recently published an interesting series called "Birds of the Bible."

Fourth, Make Your Knowledge Conversational

Learn to bring the Bible into daily conversations with your families and friends. Practically every day some faith-promoting incident is related over the radio, and a reference is made to this "Book of Books" which is acquiring added significance for many people. There is hardly a family who doesn't have some member in the service of the United Nations. How many testimonies are being strengthened by prayer, we cannot tell; but most people are willing to express their views concerning the Bible. By talking with the ones who have made a study of the Bible, through what we read, and in the light of what we, as Latter-day Saints know, we come to a clearer and broader understanding of its spiritual as well as its literary values.

Upon several occasions I have consulted the director of the Latter-day Saint Institute in our town concerning questions which have come up in my preparation of lesson material. He has promptly referred me to information which I can study for myself. I have recommended that every ward literature leader take advantage of the Bible classes which he conducts one evening each week during the college term. It is a privilege which is appreciated by class leaders.

When possible, it is a good plan to read current books dealing with Bible times. *The Robe* by Lloyd C. Douglas is a very fine example of what Christianity can do in the lives of people. *The Nazarene* and *The Apostle* by Sholem Asch give very fine descriptions of conditions at the time of Christ and the Apostle Paul. *Joseph and His Brethren* by Thomas Mann or any of the other three books by this author dealing with the life of Joseph increases the reader's understanding of social customs and family life at that time, even though all the context may not be in accordance with Latter-day Saint belief.

Fifth, Learn to Apply to Present Day

Learn to interpret the Bible in the language of our own time and apply it to present-day problems. The literature in the Bible is written in the setting of Bible times. Unless we interpret it in the light of our own time, it may seem abstract. The Gleaner Girls of today do not spend their time as did Ruth, yet they are often actuated by the same high principles. The story of Hannah is being lived by countless mothers in their care of and anxiety for their sons who may be in distant places. The story of Abraham's calling is applicable to the calling of men to the apostleship of our Church.

The class leader who reads with the view of increasing her knowledge of Bible literature is rewarded with a feeling of joy in the work, which adds vitality to her lesson presentations. No class leader could expect her class to show enthusiasm over a study of Bible literature if she herself lacks enthusiasm. A good litera-

ture leader studies industriously to broaden her own knowledge of the Bible and thereby win the interest of her class members.

I sincerely appreciate the splendid cooperation of our ward literature leaders. I'm certain that they are using their influence to bring Relief Society women closer to the inner spirit and true meaning of the Bible. I know of no finer opportunity for service nor one which pays more rich dividends in adding richness and meaning to life.

FOREVER

Jeanette P. Parry

I saw the moon slip down the stairway of the night,

And from the vastness of the dark

I heard the dreary fog horns blow.

Stirred by the deep cool breezes of the dawn

The sea's great tongue lapped on the sand—

The traveler that visits shores of many climes

And holds within its turquoise depths

The crimson tragedies of war,

And, on its crested waves, the gilt of sunlit peace,

That knows the sorrowing of mothers' hearts

And lovers' tender partings on the sands.

The surge of years has never changed its rhythmic way—

The constant lapping of the sea

An echo of eternity.

The Soldier and His Health Overseas

Editor's Note: From a fact sheet received by the Relief Society in December 1943, furnished by the Publications Branch, Women's Interests Section, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department

I. The health of the Army is better than it has ever been. Since Pearl Harbor, the Army's death rate from disease and injury has been the lowest in its history.

Explanation: The records of the armed services reflect their thorough organization for health, the bases of which are: vaccines; rigorous sanitation; pre-induction screening (weeding out) of recruits supplemented by frequent post-induction health examinations; scientific research to provide troops with protections, proper nutrition, and suitable health devices for all environments, and ample hospitalization facilities.

Example: "From the first landing (in Salerno Bay) to the date of this letter 3335 casualties have been admitted to Fifth Army U.S. hospitals. The first hospital opened . . . within 3 to 5 miles of the front lines. Another hospital began to function . . . still closer and under most difficult conditions. Neither hospital had any nurses when opened. Thus far, there have been only 42 deaths in these hospitals. 32 of these cases died from wounds; 5 from disease and injury; 5 were enemy . . . ."—From letter of Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark to Maj. Gen. Norman T. Kirk, The Surgeon General, U.S. Army.

Note: An average of a little more than 3 per cent of the Army personnel in this country was off duty because of sickness or non-battle injuries at any given time during 1942; abroad, the rate was slightly lower, even including battle casualties.

II. The Medical Department of the Army is hard at work at present on one of its chief problems: the treatment and prevention of malaria in hot climates overseas. The malaria rate has risen because of the increased war activity in malarious areas.

III. Facts you should know about malaria:

a. Malaria is preventable through proper control measures.
b. Malaria does not last throughout life.
c. Malaria is curable.
d. Malaria does not usually incapacitate its victims any considerable length of time.
e. Approximately 50 per cent of those contracting malaria have only a single attack.
f. Sometimes there are relapses in malaria, but the death rate is low, due to prompt medical attention.

IV. It is stated that, in foreign areas, our position in respect to malaria is better than that of other armies operating in the same theaters. Considering the severity of infectious conditions, our record is good.

Comparison: Reports are that the Japanese failed to make adequate preparations against the fever and, as a consequence, their troops are suffering much more acutely than our own.

V. The Army stresses that malaria is preventable through educating individual troops and officers to use constantly antimalarial measures and to take full advantage of the accomplishments of science and sanitation in combating the mosquitoes which transmit the germs.

What Methods Are Used to Combat Malarial Mosquitoes?

a. The individual soldier must be so conditioned that he will use his antimosquito weapons as automatically and efficiently as he uses other weapons.

Comment: Brig. Gen. Charles C. Hillman, U.S. Army, who has recently reported on medical highlights in the Southwest Pacific, cautions, "It should be kept foremost in mind that the key to the control of the disease in forward areas lies in those two words, *malaria discipline.*"

b. The Army supplies the soldiers with booklets, lectures, movies, training literature, for guarding against malaria, since self-protection plays such an important part in controlling the disease.

For instance: One booklet is called "This Is Ann," and begins "Ann really gets around. Her full name is Anopheles Mosquito and her trade is dishing out Malaria. She's at home in Africa, the Caribbean, India, the South and Southwest Pacific, and other Hot Spots. She's the only one in the world who can give you Malaria, so if you can beat her, you're safe." It goes on to tell the soldier just how Ann works spreading malaria; it describes the symptoms of malaria; gives a list of do's and don'ts.

c. In addition to carrying out special malaria-prevention measures, the Army issues mosquito repellents, sprays, insect nets, protective clothing, etc.

Examples: There has been made available to troops a mosquito repellent which, even under strenuous combat conditions, is effective for 4 hours.

A "fool-proof" mosquito bar under which the soldier sleeps has been developed for camps.

VI. How does a soldier get malaria? All that is necessary to contract the disease is for the right kind of mosquito—the female of the genus Anopheles—to bite a human being who has the malaria germ in his bloodstream, and a week or two later to bite another human being.

Note: The malaria mosquito bites at night, or in very shady places. There is a bewildering variety of Anopheles mosquitoes with different breeding habits and flying ranges. Controlling them depends on which branch of the family you are dealing with.

Sample: The complexity of this identification can be seen from the statement of Army epidemiologists that the variety of Anopheles mosquitoes in the Solomons differs from that in India; and that in turn from the type in Burma, while China has still another. Even Italy and Albania, although separated by only a narrow body of water, have different varieties of mosquito.

VII. The treatment of malaria often has to be done repeatedly because the symptoms may recur.

Explanation: Among the drugs used in malaria are quinine and atabrine, either of which when given by a medical officer for a week will often cure malaria. But sometimes even though a man feels well after treatment, the drugs have not destroyed all the germs. Some may hide away in the internal organs. Then, after ten days or a month, or sometimes longer, the disease appears again. There may be three or even more such attacks (called relapses) which have to be treated each time like a new infection.

VIII. Dysenteries (including diarrheas) constitute another serious disease problem. They cause a large number of hospital admissions in the Army on overseas duty.

Treatment: The sulfonamides do yeoman service in dysenteries—this time it is sulfaguanidine—effecting cures of even the more severe bacillary dysenteries in 5 to 7 days.

Prevention: Prevention of gastro-intestinal infections is almost exclusively concerned with sanitary supervision, water supply, food supply, disposal of sewage, fly control, etc.

IX. There have been no epidemics despite the fact that our soldiers are living and fighting in areas where plague, yellow fever, smallpox, typhus, cholera, typhoid, amoebic dysentery, and a score of other dangerous diseases are prevalent among the civilian population.

Explanation: Soldiers going overseas are immunized against many of the diseases endemic in the areas they travel to or through. They are vaccinated against yellow fever, cholera, and typhus if stationed in areas where these diseases exist. They are occasionally vaccinated against plague, if dangerously exposed.

More Facts: The record has been: no cases of yellow fever or plague; extremely few (less than 20) cases of smallpox, tetanus, or typhus; very infrequent cases of typhoid, during the war so far.

Note: While there is reason to believe that vaccines will prevent these diseases in most exposed persons, the other control measures are never neglected. All possible sanitary steps are still taken.

Comment: "We've succeeded against wounds and diseases only because we've got powerful weapons with which to fight them. That we have . . . drugs and, in most cases, enough of them, is due to the . . . men and women in the drug industry here at home."—Col. Paul I. Robinson, Director of Army Procurement Medical Supplies.

X. American troops already have seen action in areas where typhus infection is prevalent, and the record is excellent. Every member of our armed forces who goes into typhus zones receives three injections of typhus

vaccine. This was the preparation for our troops who went into Egypt and North Africa.

Note: The typhus vaccine used for our forces is stated to be the most effective in the world.

Comparison: The Germans are known to have a typhus vaccine, but it has been proved that German soldiers, on the North African front at least, are not effectively immunized; nor are the Germans believed to have the vaccine in general use as yet.

Figures: Burma-India theaters of operation show only 1 case of typhus.

In the Middle East: While our forces were quartered in Egypt, there was a serious typhus epidemic among the civilian population, with an officially reported total of 32,000 cases in the first six months of 1943. There were 500 cases a week in Cairo alone during the peak of the epidemic. The death rate, as is usual with typhus, was about 50 per cent. The U.S. Army reported less than a score of cases and almost no deaths from typhus in the entire Middle East command during the same period.

XI. In this war all inductees receive chest X-rays in their preliminary examination. This is considered the best method of detecting incipient or early tuberculosis. It has eliminated nearly all cases of tuberculosis from the Army.

Comparison: Tuberculosis was a costly factor in the last war. It was first among all reasons for dismissal from the Army, causing almost 15 per cent of the disability discharges.

XII. The prevalence of colds, pneumonia, and the common contagious diseases has been at about normal expected levels, but mortality due to these causes has been amazingly low.

Prevention: Colds are prevented from spreading by segregation of the infected, adequate spacing of beds in barracks, and various other sanitary measures.

Treatment: The sulfonamide drugs disarm many a killer, including pneumonia, which now has a fatility rate of only 4 per cent.

Note: In the last war the influenza pandemic was responsible for in the neighborhood of 800,000 admissions to hospitals and for perhaps 25,000 deaths in addition to many deaths ascribed to pneumonia but brought on as a result of influenza infection. With other respiratory diseases it caused about one-third of the total admissions for disease in 1918 and roughly 80 per cent of disease deaths.

XIII. The Army's astoundingly good record on venereal disease during this war did not just happen. It is partly due to the vigorous programs of public health authorities and agencies concerned with venereal disease control, partly due to the Army's uncompromising and realistic attack on the problem.

Cures: Sulfonamides are used for gonorrhea and cures run approximately 70 per cent in a period of ten days. While the treatment for syphilis requires a longer period, new techniques to shorten the time for treatment are in the process of development.

More Facts: The armed forces now accept inductees with uncomplicated cases of venereal diseases because of the high percentage of cures. Since this group of infected inductees is eliminated from the overall figure, it can be said that less than 3 per cent of the personnel become infected with venereal disease in the course of a year.

Note: The Army's rate of infection was even higher in the last war, running at over 9 per cent in 1918 . . . over 90 men a year out of 1000.

XIV. Psychoneurotic breakdowns are a problem in the present war, as they are in all wars.

Causes: Military specialists have assigned many contributing factors to the increase of psychoneurotic breakdowns, not the least of which is the crescendo of noise and tension in modern warfare. The major cause seems to be, according to these experts, unusually prolonged exposure to combat conditions.

Figures: A significant proportion of all casualties in combat are psychoneurotic.

Definition: A psychoneurosis is the physical expression of mental conflict, and is not a sign of cowardice. The soldier is torn between his desire to stay at his post, and his natural instinct to stay alive. In the face of extreme exhaustion this conflict may produce an acute anxiety state, paralysis or anesthesia, reactive depressions, from which the soldier may recover promptly with proper rest and care.

Sketch of My Life

(*Continued from page* 136)

—containing a house which accommodated two families: one part opportunely made a home for a widowed sister with two children—the other, I rented. This, like many other trivial events in human life, proved to be one of the little hinges on which events of immense weight occasionally turn.

My brother Lorenzo[5] was in a Presbyterian College. From his letters I learned that he was investigating their orthodoxy. At length he wrote me, saying, "If you have nothing better to offer than this, then good bye to all religions." I feared he was approaching the vortex of infidelity, and felt that the only rescue was in the unadulterated Gospel of Jesus Christ, and was anxious to induce him to come where he could see its workings and judge for himself. I wrote him he could have a home with my sister, if he would spend his College vacation with us. He came, and to improve the time he engaged in study under an efficient Hebrew Teacher,[6] who had opened a school for the benefit of the Saints in Kirtland, and while studying a dead language, he also studied the eternal principles of a living faith. He was baptized —ordained an Elder, and is now [1885] one of the Twelve Apostles. Although this belongs to my brother's history, I consider it one of the events of my life, inasmuch as he has been a great benefit to me, as well as having been energetically useful in the cause which I esteem dearer than my mortal life.

(*To be continued*)

(5) Fifth president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (1898-1901).

(6) Tuesday, 26 [January 1836] Mr. [Joshua] Seixas arrived from Hudson, to teach the Hebrew language, and I attended upon the organizing of the class, for the purpose of receiving lectures upon Hebrew grammar. His hours of instruction are from ten to eleven, a.m., and from two to three, p.m. His instruction pleased me much. I think he will be a help to the class in learning Hebrew.—Prophet Joseph Smith, D.H.C. Vol. II, pp. 385-386.

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